# New Statesman

## The Week-end Review

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THE DALAI LAMA
interviewed by
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AN HOUR WITH K
K. S. Karol

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# The Drift to Ruritania

MR AMORY's budget is as pathetic – and as irrelevant to our economic problems – as his pigeon's egg. As many MPs on both sides of the House are beginning to realise, the accelerated creation of the Common Market presents Britain with its most serious economic challenge since the Great Depression, affecting not only our exports markets, and hence our industrial growth, but the entire basis of the Sterling Area. Yet the budget ignores this challenge completely.

Perhaps this is because the government, and to some extent the opposition, misunderstand the nature of the challenge. The widespread concern at the effects of the first tariff walls on British exports to the continent is probably exaggerated. This market absorbs only 12-13 per cent of our exports, and of this proportion less than a quarter is vulnerable. Unfortunately, our obsession with the short-term effects of the Common Market has diverted attention from its central threat. For the primary object of the Market is to increase the productivity of the western European industrial complex, and so to gain – at our expense – a growing share of world markets.

Even before the market came into operation, this threat was developing. For nearly a decade our productivity has been in sombre contrast with the impressive ascent in western Europe. Since 1953, British industrial production has risen by a mere 28 per cent, against 72 per cent in West Germany, and 76 per cent in France. This contrast is reflected in our declining share of world markets. From over 25 per cent in 1950, this dropped to 16.6 per cent by the end of last year; Germany's rose from just over seven per cent to nearly 20 per cent.

The formation of the Common Market will not merely confirm this trend but will progressively increase it, by removing many of the limitations which frontiers have hitherto imposed on western European productivity. Mobility of labour – moving north from Italy – will give the green light to further industrial expansion in Germany; French agriculture, presented with a vast market within the tariff walls, is now a sphere for high investment, capable of turning the Six into a major primary exporter.

Already a growing sense of confidence in western Europe is producing a new dynamic of high investment and expansion; and as the western European monster grows, our efforts to maintain our overseas markets, not only outside but also inside the Sterling Area, will become increasingly arduous. The emergent territories in Africa, avid not only for capital but also for assured markets for their primary goods, wil be tempted to scuttle under the Common Market umbrella; indeed, Ghana is already borrowing from West Germany at an interest rate lower than London can supply. As the links in the Commonwealth weaken, Britain's claim to a 'special place' as America's lieutenant in the direction of the West will seem more and more ridiculous. Indeed, Washington has already shown that, confronted with incompatible claims from Britain and the Common Market powers, it will side with the latter.

If the drift continues, our isolation may soon cease to be splendid and become squalid; within the foreseeable future, Britain risks degenerating into a Ruritanian backwater, thrust out of the main stream of world economic development. It is now probably too late to cut our losses and opt for Europe, even if on political grounds this were desirable. But there is still time to reinvigorate the concept of joint economic planning within the Commonwealth, to attempt to turn a loose confederation of states into an integrated system of complementary economies. Indeed, this is perhaps the only way now open to us to force the Common Market powers to deal with us on equal terms. Such a concept would involve sacrifices in consumption as well as in sovereignty: it would also mean the return to a planned economy. These are not easy steps for Tory ministers. Next month's Commonwealth Prime Ministers' conference should indicate whether they have the nerve to take them while they can still be effective.

# Comments on the Week's News

### The Irrelevant Budget

The changes in taxation and post-war credit payments proposed by the Budget together amount to £13m in the current year and some £71m two years hence. National income in 1959 is estimated at £20,605m, but our statistical methods are insufficiently sensitive to account for £200m worth of production which seems to have disappeared from view. This alone is some 15 times the increased taxation by means of which the Chancellor seeks to restrain demand. The swing between the building up and running down of stocks which has regularly alternated between even years and odd (even years being kinder to Chancellors) may amount to another £150-200m in a year. Thus the Chancellor could well be helped, or hindered, by £300-400m of change in the relation of demand and supply – a figure which completely overshadows his Budget. Mr Heathcoat Amory clearly hopes that these two hidden reserves will come to his rescue: indeed they will have to if credit restrictions – and so a further threat to the investment programme – are to be avoided.

The truth is that the battered box and the traditional ceremonial of Budget day cannot for much longer hide the clumsy irrelevance in managing the nation's affairs of the fiscal weapon, if it is supported only by the heavy bludgeon of monetary policy. Far more subtle and discriminating instruments are needed to impart a controlled dynamism to the economy. Twopence on tobacco after the election neatly balances twopence off beer before. The morning-after is here; but the Chancellor has escaped its real impact by ignoring the challenge to our exports abroad and to the social balance at home.

No doubt measures against certain types of tax-evasion are going to do something to mitigate the growing unbalance between the rich and the poor and between those who have to, and those who need not bother to, pay income tax. But surtax avoidance still has to be tackled and death-duty avoidance by gifts is positively encouraged. Above all there is nothing for the real victims of the acquisitive society, those who depend on old-age pensions and other fixed fiscal benefits. There is little doubt that 1960 will be a year of sharp increases in wages and some professional salaries. After the lull of 1959 (which the Prime Minister so brilliantly exploited for the election), wages have already gone up some three per cent and will go up rather more: a five to seven per cent increase is likely. The fixed-benefit receivers, who are already badly off, are going to be hurt further.

The increase in profits-tax may be considered a flick of a whip at industrialists who have disregarded the insistent advice of the Chancellor to use the fall in costs, due to production increases, for cutting prices. It is not a very good weapon for managing the economy. In the next 12 months its yield will amount to only £1m, increasing to £40m next year and £65m the year after. Even at that level it does not amount to more than some two per cent of company profits. It will certainly not result in a cut in dividends; and its incidence may well be shifted on to the consumer by way of slightly higher prices. Otherwise it is likely to lead to a decline in liquidity of companies and a cut in investment.

This brings out clearly the worst feature of the Budget. At a time when our productivity lags painfully behind that of our most menacing competitors, when the limitations of our productive capacity imperil our internal economic balance, nothing has been done to give a positive and discriminatory boost to productive investment. Yet if our total investment is some 20-25 per cent below that of Germany, our manufacturing investment is even more woefully insufficient. While total investment has increased in 1959 and is almost 15 per cent above 1955, our productive investment has actually fallen in 1959 and is hardly above that of five years ago. This is our most obvious source of weakness in the face of the Common Market challenge. Above all the government must devise more sensitive economic instruments if it is to steer a successful course in coming years. Monetary policy and tax adjustment have both proved dangerously inflexible and inadequate.

### De Gaulle and his Shadow

The warmth of the reception which London has accorded President de Gaulle is in genuine contrast to the perfunctory cheers which normally accompany state visits. This is due in part to the general recognition that de Gaulle, whatever his shortcomings, is a man of quite extraordinary stamp; for the public, in an age of mediocrities, can still instinctively respond to greatness. It is also due to the memories, which Londoners still preserve, of the sombre days of 1940, when de Gaulle – along with Churchill – symbolised the resilience of the western democracies at a time when military defeat seemed probable, if not certain. Today, the British public, though highly critical of France, recognises that its old ally has two faces, and is prepared to give de Gaulle the benefit of the doubt and concede that he represents the one which we admire and respect. This said, we must not forget that de Gaulle does not visit us unaccompanied: he brings with him the spectre of the Algerian War, now in its sixth year, and seemingly with a long and bitter future ahead of it. Whatever de Gaulle's own desires, he cannot efface the historic fact that he was returned to power, by the threat of force, at the head of a military faction whose central and public object was the continuation of this war. In nearly two years he has taken no decisive action to end it; indeed, his last pronouncements on the subject suggest that he has now been persuaded to opt for a purely military solution, though the evidence overwhelmingly confirms that this is unattainable. Hence, there is an ironic contrast between his popular acclaim here and the rising public anger against the South African government. For the French in Algeria, though rejecting the racist ideology of *apartheid*, are similarly committed to the maintenance of white supremacy by violence. Indeed, their physical record has been, in some respects, worse than that of Dr Verwoerd's police and troops. Some of the latter, in fact, have visited Algeria to study French methods of 'pacification', and now openly proclaim that they are applying them. Perhaps the British public, in greeting de Gaulle while repudiating Dr Verwoerd, is making a valid distinction, by recognising that de Gaulle, despite his recent record, still possesses the personal reserves of authority, and the fundamental magnanimity, to effect a peaceful solution. It is to be hoped that the General interprets his reception in this spirit.

### Refugees From Apartheid

The cases of Oliver Tambo and Ronald Segal, who have sought asylum in Bechuanaland from arrest in the present wave of terror in South Africa, raise issues more important than their individual positions. In the first place, the presence of these two men in Bechuanaland has brought to light the fact that under the 1941 ordinance, this British protectorate sharply discriminates between European and African immigrants. Mr Segal, a white man, is entitled to enter the country without hindrance; Mr Tambo, a black man, falls under a provision which prohibits any 'native' south of the equator from entering the country without a permit. Under this ordinance the courts can fine or imprison him and, much more importantly, can order him to be returned to the country of his origin. Fortunately the Attorney General has power to quash this order and there is no reason to suppose that the British government will allow Mr Tambo to be returned to South Africa, either under this ordinance or on an application from the South African government for extradition. But surely such a discriminatory ordinance should be immediately rescinded. The second issue raised by this case is the position of the three High Commission territories *vis à vis* the present desperate situation for non-Europeans in South Africa. What happens in these three territories if, as is possible, thousands of refugees flee from South African territory? Their thinly spread administrations, their tribal structure of life and their subsistence economies cannot stand the strain of even a few hundred immigrants. Two years ago, following the women's pass revolt in Zeerust in the Transvaal, 200 Africans fled into Bechuanaland. Some of them have been forced to return in order to escape starvation. Yet there are permanently 100,000 Basuto living in the Union. If these decide to return home rather than face the whips of the South African police, the whole administration and economy of Basutoland would immediately collapse. This is an urgent matter demanding the immediate attention of the British government. If we in Britain believe in our pretensions of racial equality we must be willing to accept immediate and full responsibility for any refugees who may escape into our territory.

### Dr Banda's Release

The release of Dr Hastings Banda, and the consequent hopes for peaceful progress in Nyasaland, rebound to the credit of Dr Banda himself and of Mr Iain Macleod, the Colonial Secretary. In his latest move to reverse the intransigent policy of Mr Lennox Boyd in the multi-racial territories, Mr Macleod has had to face not only the right wing of his own party in Britain, but the combined opposition of Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation; Sir Edgar Whitehead, Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia; and Sir Robert Armitage, Governor of Nyasaland. It says much for the insight which the new Colonial Secretary has already gained into the realities of African life, that he has

realised in time that peace and progress are impossible in Nyasaland without negotiating with Dr Banda. Yet it is not generally recognised in this country that Dr Banda himself has taken an immense risk in agreeing to be released at this time. In the first place, he has had to leave behind him in Gwelo jail his three main colleagues; there are also 142 other detainees still languishing in prison. What is more, Dr Banda was given no assurance that any constitutional conference about progress in Nyasaland would be held when he was released. Indeed it is clear from Mr Macleod's answers to the press that no such conference has yet been arranged and it seems possible the Colonial Office does not intend to hold one before the federal review conference later this year. Thus Dr Banda is clearly open to attack from the extremists. Still, the Colonial Secretary's action in releasing him has already proved justified and the fears of the past 12 months that the release of Dr Banda would lead to rioting seem to be without foundation. In fact, as has frequently been urged, his presence has calmed Nyasa fears. Nevertheless, unless the British government is prepared to use this opportunity in advance of the federal review conference in order to offer definite concessions to the demands of the Africans for representation, they may well nullify Dr Banda's moderating influence and open the gates to violence.

### Much Ado About Cyprus

Although the deadlock over the base area in Cyprus has now reached the stage where Archbishop Makarios, no doubt unwillingly, has found himself obliged to threaten civil disobedience, it is difficult to believe that any of the parties can allow the crisis to slide into violence. Quite apart from the universal desire on the island for a peaceful solution, the Archbishop, having, with great difficulty, accomplished the political defeat of his extremist wing, must be most unwilling to become, once again, their hostage. Indeed, on Wednesday, General Grivas himself gave an implicit warning that, unless a settlement is reached soon, he will be back in the political arena, twisting the Archbishop's arm. On the British side, the government, faced with a variety of hazards in Africa, and anxious for a calm prelude to the Summit, should be ready to go to considerable lengths to avoid a showdown; in any event, having reduced its garrison to a mere two battalions, it is in no position to cope with one. There are signs that it may now be prepared to make a final concession – reducing the base area by, say, ten or 20 square miles. If the Archbishop's aim is merely to defend his rear by securing a final concession, he would be prudent to accept this, particularly since there are now signs that the Anglo-Turkish axis is re-forming. The Labour Party, while watching the negotiations closely, would be unwise to intervene at this stage, except in one respect. Since, on the British side, the opponents of compromise seem to be the Chiefs of Staff, it would be relevant to ask, once again, for a clear and precise definition of the functions of the Cyprus base. Is it to be a mere staging post? Or an assault base for limited operations in the Middle East? Or a strategic base aimed at Russia? Secondly, is it planned to operate the base in the face of local hostility? Our recent experience in Libya and Iraq indicates that this is impracticable, irrespective of the nature of the base. If, however, this is not our intention, the size of the perimeter is irrelevant.

### Keeping up with the traffic

On Monday Mr Marples will move the second reading of his Road Traffic and Road Improvements Bill. A qualified welcome is probably the best reaction to its provisions. While it is vital that drastic action should be taken to relieve the dreadful congestion of British towns and cities, there are nevertheless grounds for disquiet in a number of the bill's important proposals. Some are unexceptionable. For example, the extension of the powers of minister and local authority in creating car parks, the introduction of parking discs on the Paris model, and means whereby road improvements in London might be speeded-up, do not seriously disturb anyone's freedom. About the proposal for ticket fines for certain minor offences it is not possible to be so certain. When fines are automatic for an offence like obstructing the highway by parking, the danger lies in the reluctance of a motorist who believes himself innocent to contest the charge out of fear that he will be more heavily penalised. The proposal, of course, will have the effect of clearing magistrates' courts of an enormous volume of traffic business, leaving them free to give more time to more important matters. The police will be helped in the same way. It is also true that in most cases where a ticket fine is imposed it will be only too clear to motorists that they have parked where they should not have. For all that, the proposal remains the thin edge of an unpleasant wedge. If however it leads to the clearing of roads and to organised, paid and limited parking in parks or side streets, the good will have outweighed the bad. Traffic wardens are given very limited powers in the bill. Drink is not mentioned. These are both aspects of motoring to which a great deal of thought needs to be given before decisions are made about new powers for the one, and new detection devices and more severe penalties for the other.

### Equity's Decision

The council of Equity has been placed in a difficult situation by its defeat at the annual union conference over the question of regulated entry into the acting profession. The size of the majority against them – 170 to 106 – was unexpectedly large, but many hostile votes were cast by members disappointed at the inadequacy of the council's case and by the official speaker's failure to measure up to the temper of the audience. The quality of speeches apart, however, there seems little doubt that the vote indicates a desire for a general reorganisation of the British stage, of which regulated entry, with its effect on status, conditions and opportunities for more creative work, is a vital part. But Equity members passed a resolution of much the same tone as this week's as long ago as 1951. In 1952 the council returned to conference to say it was unworkable. It is unlikely that this answer will be so easily accepted again, if only because the present scheme has been thought out in more detail. It suggests qualifications, like a minimum number of weeks in repertory, or training at an 'approved' dramatic school, before people can enter even the middle reaches of the profession. Within the scheme there will be room for the unorthodox genius: no one wants a repressive kind of closed shop. The scheme still present difficulties. How, for example, are repertory companies to survive to act as training grounds? Is it possible to 'approve' some schools and not others? What is clear is that the profession wants its union leaders to take the matter seriously.

# News from Our Own Correspondents

## Johannesburg

### Force Must Be Used

*A Correspondent writes:* 'Force must be used on any who disobey!' That was the order given to the South African police and army *after* they had killed at least four Africans and wounded 18 in Durban last Friday. Nationalist policy has, since the state of emergency was declared last week, been reduced to its essentials. This week's persistent beating up by the police of Africans on the streets in urban areas, shows what those essentials are.

The irony of the present situation is that it makes very little difference to the Africans. Force has always been used on any who disobey, even if it has hitherto been partly cloaked in the white man's law. Africans have always been subject to summary arrest, and to banishment without appeal to the courts. In the cities they have always been subject to curfews and have needed permission to hold public meetings in their municipally controlled townships. Strikes have long been illegal, no matter what the circumstances. True, the police can now fire on Africans without worrying about justification; but the main difference that the emergency makes to Africans is that there are now more whites to shoot at them. The 25,000 policemen, 13,000 of them Africans who are only partly armed, have been reinforced by the small regular army and navy, the air force, the equivalent of the territorials and the *skiet-kommandos*.

For the white population, however, the position is vastly different. The arrest last week of some white members of the multi-racial Liberal Party shows that the Nationalists want to intimidate the relatively small but growing number of whites who articulately oppose its policies and who are determined to work with and not merely for the Africans. True, no clean sweep was made of the Liberals. It simply wouldn't be believed abroad, and especially not in America, that a Christian gentleman like Alan Paton was about to lead a revolution. But on the African National Congress alliance side, the dragnet was much more thorough. Its effect has been increased by the flight of many who, temporarily released or convinced of imminent measures against them, have fled the country. Oliver Tambo, the deeply Christian lawyer

*NEXT WEEK*

*Owing to Good Friday, next week's issue will be on sale on Thursday, one day early.*

**Pakistan's President**
interviewed by KINGSLEY MARTIN

**'Golden Bough' Reassessed**
by FRANCIS HUXLEY

who is deputy President-General of the ANC, and Ronald Segal, the editor-publisher of *Africa South*, will not be the only ones asking the British authorities for asylum. The cases of Tambo and Segal are, however, test ones, for both are born British subjects.

As for other refugees, no one knows at present how many got away. The government need reveal the names of those arrested only after 44 days, and that only if parliament is in normal session. It is, in addition, a crime punishable with five years imprisonment and £500 fine for even a wife to tell *anyone* that her husband has been arrested.

For the moment the government has the situation 'under control'. It seems, however, not to have the slightest idea of how to proceed now. Above all, it seems not to have considered the industrial situation, and it will be interesting to see how it reacts to the considerable, though still restrained, pressure which is building up amongst both English and Afrikaans-speaking industrialists. Presumably one of the rational considerations which led the government to take emergency powers was the need to break the strike of Cape Town's African workers, housed in the two townships of Nyanga and Langa, which had been wholly effective since 21 March. Yet it remains difficult to understand what the intention of the government's subsequent actions has been. Langa has been terrorised by the police ever since the shooting and riots. Africans had been pulled physically out of their houses and forced on to buses and trains to Cape Town. They jumped off at stops up the line. Clearly it is impossible to force each African back to his individual place of work. The Cape's large coloured (half-caste) population, hard hit by recent economic deterioration, has proved eager to scab on the Africans. This has saved the Cape peninsular from complete chaos, but by the end of last week the stay-at-home had cost employers at least £2m. The government's answer last week was to seal off the two townships, thus in a sense doing the Pan Africanist Congress's work for them.

As has happened so often before, the Nationalists seem to be acting more in answer to their own obsessions than to reality. By their mobilisation they have compounded the economic effects of the past two weeks to a dangerous degree. For the moment they can hold the situation, and they have shown clearly that they are unlikely to surrender their newly taken emergency powers easily. The key questions now are these. Has African momentum exhausted itself and, if not, what form will it now take? Do paranoiac obsessions of Dr Verwoerd and his henchmen continue to correspond to the lowest common denominator of white, and especially of Afrikaner, fears, or do the present Dutch Reformed Church stirrings, reinforced by economic realities, presage an internal change?

# Cardiff

### Two Loves of the Welsh

*A Special Correspondent writes:* **By announcing the appointment of a Welsh Grand Committee of the House of Commons, the Home Secretary has managed to satisfy two enduring Welsh passions: the love of committees and the desire to invest the most solemn of occasions and institutions with an air of the comic, even the bizarre. Not that the announcement exactly holds the Welsh imagination in thrall. Its importance, even** among people one might expect to be professionally interested, is overshadowed at the moment by the shattering rugby football defeat here by France. But what has captured the fancy is the fact that to give the committee something like the balance of the Commons, at least 20 English Tory MPs will need to be imported.

Wales's parliamentary representation stands at 27 Labour members, seven Tories and two Liberals. A Grand Committee so constituted could obviously play havoc with the government's plans – it might even go so far as to behave as if it were a kind of miniature parliament of Wales. And so the hordes of Englishmen must be brought in. The question is: For what gravity of offence will membership be a penance? No one expects the English members to say anything. Indeed some Welsh members have already made it clear that they will be furious if any of the strangers open their mouths, even to yawn. But their presence will be only one of the committee's bizarre elements.

Unlike the Scottish Grand Committee which, because of the important way systems of law and land tenure differ north of the border, and because Scotland has a Secretary of State of its own, considers bills peculiar to itself, the Welsh committee will be able to do little more than simply debate issues in a vacuum. At its worst, in fact, the committee will be little more than an extension of the annual Welsh day in the Commons – when each member quickly runs through the legitimate demands of his constituents and hopes for a good press at home. Naturally Welsh members regard even this as a valuable advance. Three or four extra days a session given over to pressing the claims of different parts of the principality for more factories and better roads cannot, they feel, be anything but beneficial both to Wales and to themselves. Everyone grants them this. Publicity is never to be sneezed at. It is true, too, that the committee will present them with fresh opportunities to harry ministers. What it is unlikely to change, however, is the reality of power in administering Wales. But since Labour, like the Tories, have given their blessing to the Committee's appointment, few people can afford to open fire on its unsatisfactory logic. Only the Nationalists can luxuriate in the central paradox, namely, that the Committee exists because Wales is a nation, but has no powers in case Wales behaves like a nation. A Secretary of State still seems the important next step to most people.

It may well be, in fact, that the most important result of appointing the committee will be to encourage the disbandment of another very grand committee: the Council of Wales and Monmouthshire. For over a decade now this body, representative of Welsh public life, has been producing reports and earnestly advising the government, only for its reports (when important) to be rejected and its advice (when proposing action) to be ignored. Prominent men have resigned in anger and despair and been replaced by prominent men. It has been the butt of all the local wits, some of whom have subsequently paid the penalty of being appointed to it. The council's future is in doubt. One Welsh MP has already suggested that its function will now be taken over by the Grand Committee, the members of which will have the advantage of offering their advice face to face in parliament and of proposing action—at least, this is the theory of it – with more hope of success. One suspects, however, that it will take much more than a manifest demonstration that its function has vanished, to disband the Council of Wales. Committees are too dearly loved, and so is the bizarre.

# Westminster

### Opposition to Jaymory

The annual variety season has opened at the Westminster Palace with better than usual turns. Mr Leo Abse, the Labour member for Pontypool, at once warmed up the audience with his grey topper, large gold ring and deep side whiskers. Indeed, his appearance for a time overshadowed a well designed opposition plan to highlight the government's meanness towards old-age pensioners. Then there was Mr Gerald Nabarro, butting into everyone else's act, and, when his own turn came, playing the Aldwych and the Lyceum with equal gusto; Mr Harold Wilson, that brilliant exponent of light comedy – his own, as well as other people's – at the top of his form; and, for the pair of them, that very Laurel of all butts, Mr Derrick Heathcoat Amory. Few who saw it will forget his exquisitely comic double-take when, sitting down to a tremendous ovation, he suddenly realised that the ovation was coming wholly from his opponents.

As in all good comedy, however, there was a serious underlying theme. The Chancellor's Budget, in philosophy, was neither Conservative nor Socialist. It epitomised what used to be known as Butskellism, but which nowadays might be known more topically as Jaymory. It looked on today's society and, subject to a little regulation here and a little cleaning up there, found it okay. In this land of hope and mixed economy there was no need for radical change. A Budget inspired by this attitude of mind satisfies the tired, the easy-going and the compliant in both political parties. It is bound, however, to provoke those in either party whose political faiths and instincts call for something more positive than treading water. So, first Wilson and then Nabarro, from exactly opposite sides, began to drill into the comfortable foundations on which the Chancellor had hoped to recline. Wilson's speech was in two parts. The first was a series of brilliantly barbed quips, depicting the Chancellor, through his refusal to deal with expense accounts, as the patron of the nude

art forms in Soho, or of the business men who, thanks to the subsidies which the Chancellor is giving to private enterprise, commute stoically in their Bentleys between the National Assistance Board and the Savoy Grill. The second was a frontal attack on the Jaymory society with its growing inequality, its growing subjection of industry to finance, and its growing Americanisation, under which it is natural to spend far more on advertising than on research. Amory, said Wilson, was allowing the commanding heights of the economy to be controlled by the Stock Exchange. They should be controlled by the community and made accountable to it.

Nabarro has nothing politically in common with Wilson except a contempt for Jaymory. He believes that money is best used when it is left in the control of those who have earned it – or, at least, made it. Cut down government spending, then cut taxes, and the welfare of all, like his own moustaches, will expand into luxuriance. Using language about his colleagues which would have won a Labour member immediate expulsion, he condemned the Chancellor's political turpitude which had been a betrayal both of election pledges and of Conservative philosophy and threatened that from now on the Nabarro boys would no longer be soft-centred chocolate soldiers, willing to parade but yet afraid to fight.

I suspect that this Tory revolt will amount to little, beyond enlivening the dreary committee stage of the Finance Bill, stimulating a Nabarro-for-Premier movement in seaside winter-gardens and giving the opposition the much needed tonic of seeing another party, for a change, indulging in comradeship. It will not blow the government off its course. We'll continue to get mild restriction now, with largesse to come when its a question of getting votes, and a vague air of hand-waving Liberalism, even if in the process Mr Macmillan has to make Nabarro Chancellor of the Duchy. The banner raised by Wilson is much more significant and, provided no one now unearths some supposed defect in, say, Clause Three or tries to make membership of a trade union a bar to membership of the National Executive, it could well be a rallying point for Socialists of whom there are many more in the Parliamentary Party than is sometimes supposed.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

# Fleet Street

**Poor Old Derry!**

Fleet Street is growing cautious. Hardly any of its financial pundits this year embarked on the usual pre-Budget ritual of telling their readers in detail what the Chancellor would do. Only the *News Chronicle* – a stickler for the old ways – stuck rigidly to tradition. It came right out with a five-column streamer across its front page on Monday morning. 'Five Tips For The Budget Today'. Three out of the five were wrong. Nor were the *Sunday Times*, the *Sunday Dispatch* and the *Daily Mail*, the only others to take a small, although on the whole less confident peep, into the crystal ball, much more successful. The *Sunday Times* listed eight measures 'the Budget may involve'. Only three out of the eight turned up: The *Dispatch* got one out of three right. The *Mail* gave 11 possibilities – all but four failed to materialise.

Such satisfaction as Mr Heathcoat Amory may have derived from this evidence of his ability to baffle the newspapers may or may not have survived the actual reception of his Budget. His unpopularity with his own back benches was agreed by all. 'Mr Amory, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is today the most unpopular Tory in the land', reported the *Daily Mirror*. The *Daily Express* underlined the fact with a leader, 'No Relief For The People', which opened starkly: 'This is a bad Tory Budget – a bad Budget for this government'. The increase in the profits tax it regarded, as was no doubt to be expected, as 'a monstrous imposition', and most of the rest of the Chancellor's proposals as 'halting and feeble'. No doubt Mr Amory will bear the strictures of Lord Beaverbrook with equanimity: it is part of the equipment of a successful politician to be derided by the *Express* – only its praise is lethal. The more magisterial tones of the *Telegraph* were less encouraging for the future. 'Mr Heathcoat Amory's third Budget', it declared in a voice which almost certainly accurately reflected the opinions of a majority of the Chancellor's nominal supporters, 'must be judged undistinguished at the best, inconsistent at the worst, no more than mild and bitter even for his friends. Unfortunately, too, there was missing from it any of that sense of sustained purpose which should have brought the assurance the government supporters want: that after this year a Conservative Chancellor is determined on tax reliefs.' Its political correspondent reported: 'there is trouble ahead for the Chancellor.'

The *Mail*, which reported that the Budget had 'shocked many Tory MP's', was more philosophical. It found him 'a bit niggling but much as expected.' This, it said, 'is the cautious effort of a cautious Chancellor.' Commenting that 'for some reason port and champagne (together with British wines) are let off a little duty', it added sardonically: 'The only thing missing seems to be the over-ripe pheasant.' *The Times* was prepared to be a little more magnanimous. 'All in all', it said, 'though this year's Budget was bound to be in some ways a dreary one, it is far from being altogether dull.' Not high praise, but no doubt comforting from such a quarter. The Budget had, it commented, given 'more pleasure to the Labour benches than to the Conservative'. This 'double-edged pleasure' was made up in part of 'the wry satisfaction which it finds so hard not to show at Budgets which are unlikely to be popular,' and for the other part of 'the flattered pride, qualified by a fear of electoral nakedness, which Oppositions feel when the government steal some of their clothes.'

At the other end of the Tory social scale the *Daily Sketch* joined in with a shrill yelp over the whole of its front page: 'It's A Fag-End Budget.' Nor was there much comfort for the Chancellor in the *Daily Mirror*. It praised him, it is true, for 'ignoring Tory back-bench clamour for concessions to the better off'; but, heading its leader 'The Scout's Bad Deed', declared it to be deplorable that old age pensioners had again been passed by. For comfort Mr Amory had to turn to the *Guardian*, the *Herald* and the *News Chronicle*. Understandably the *Herald*, like the *Mirror*, criticised the failure to do anything for old age pensioners and hoped that on this he would 'think again.' But it headed its leader 'It's Honest!' and declared: 'We praise wholeheartedly the two intentions behind the Budget – to encourage savings and stop some of the most blatant forms of rich men's tax avoidance.' To the *Guardian* Mr Amory's Budget was 'about right.' He had, it declared, 'produced a sound conservative Budget'. And the *News Chronicle* not only praised the Chancellor for being 'austere and tenacious' but declared he 'has shown great political courage.' To judge by the reception from his own supporters he will need it.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

*'Unaccustomed as I am . . .'*

# Home Truths About Germany

From the top of the Drachenfells, the sheer improbable hill which overlooks Königswinter, the pale spring sunlight sparkled on Dr Adenauer's Germany. Along the great bend of the Rhine, the new autobahn was inching forward, gobbling up the crumbling villas of the First Reich, carying towards Cologne the perspex prosperity of the Erhard miracle. Across the river lay Bonn, a graceless Cheltenham governing the most dynamic nation in Europe. Behind were deep Wagnerian forests, from which the mists rose lazily; but the horn calls which echoed distantly came from chauffered Mercedes as they moved towards embassies and ministries. On the hill, fresh and scrubbed from High Mass, courting couples, docile and dowdy, drank lager. Here was the domesticated monster of Europe, its strident paganism stiffled in the comforts of bourgeois Christianity. In the forests, the old gods laid buried – or slept.

Below, the eleventh Königswinter Conference –the annual meeting of British and German politicians, military leaders, journalists and industrialists – was in full voice. I have often doubted the value of such gatherings. To bring together professional Germanophiles and professional Anglophiles, and then expect them to resolve Anglo-German misunderstandings, would seem – at first glance – the surest way of deepening them; for each can speak only for an enlightened and informed minority, who may themselves misunderstand the temper of the country which they claim to represent. As things turned out, however, this conference was far more realistic than I would have believed possible. For once, it divided not on party but on national lines. Though stripped of mutual abuse, the so-called misunderstandings were revealed as genuine differences on the tactics – and sometimes even on the basic strategy – of our approaches to negotiations with Russia. It became crystal clear that Germans and British, irrespective of party, view the Summit in a totally different light, and that, at any rate for some time to come, there can be no hope of reconciling these divergences. Mr Crossman's sharp analysis of German intransigence was later echoed, ramrod stiff, by Lord Hinchingbrooke. Similarly, it was impossible to detect any significant difference between Social Democrat and Christian Democrat speakers, who alike viewed British flexibility on central Europe as suspect, if not actually treasonable.

There are two reasons for this cleavage. On the German side, the Social Democrats have now virtually surrendered to a bipartisan foreign policy. They are anxious, above all, to break through the 33⅓ per cent ceiling which some mysterious fate, so they believe, has imposed on their share of the electorate. They argue that, in order to pass this psychologically vital barrier, they must acquire a 'national' image, above all in the eyes of the 11 million refugees in West Germany; and to do this, their policy on reunification, Berlin and the 'eastern zone' must be beyond suspicion. It seems to me that their attempt to outbid the Chancellor on his own policy is doomed to disappointment – even more certainly than Mr Gaitskell's efforts to persuade the floating voters that he believes in private enterprise. Be that as it may, the Social Democrats are now committed, and on virtually every point, including West German rearmament, the Chancellor can speak for a united nation.

By contrast, on the British side, it was fascinating to watch the effects of the Macmillan Revolution. Perhaps Mr Macmillan does not deserve all the credit for this; certainly Sir Anthony Eden was feeling his way towards a fundamental change in negotiations with Russia before he sank floundering into the Middle East maelstrom. What Mr Macmillan has done, however, it to give the change a distinctive flavour, to furbish it with a vocabulary and in so doing to change the methodology of Toryism in international affairs. Summit diplomacy, the decision to accept African nationalism, coupled with the recognition that full employment is the paramount aim of economic policy, have – c u m u l a t i v e l y – transformed the mental approach of the Tories to political problems. To me, the fundamental virtue of the Left is its rationalism: its belief that political decisions must be determined by the evidence, and changed as the evidence changes. To a great and increasing extent, the Tory Party – at any rate in parliament – is now accepting this technique. In consequence, I have found it increasingly possible, in recent months, to hold constructive discussions with Tories; and the Königswinter Conference signally confirmed this view. After three successive electoral victories, are the Tories now becoming a progressive party?

Indeed, on the British side, the only depressing note was struck – perhaps not surprisingly – by a group of right-wing Labour backbenchers. After Mr Crossman had made a particularly brilliant and stimulating contribution to what was, after all, a forum for ideas, these dismal figures got up, one after another, to deliver mannerless and noisy personal attacks on him. This was the sole flaw in a firm display of national unity.

Hence, if the conference did not solve any of the problems of the Summit era, it at least defined them; and very formidable they are. Let us take them in ascending order of difficulty. The easiest, paradoxically, is Berlin. During the course of a masterly survey of the Berlin problem, Herr Brandt, the Burgomaster, convinced me, at any rate, that he has no objection in principle to tactical changes in western policy over Berlin. He will fight hard at every stage of the negotiations, but he will not give away to panic, nor will he attempt to sabotage a reasonable settlement, because he is convinced that the Allies will not give way on fundamentals. Perhaps because he is forced to deal daily with the physical presence of Soviet power, he conveys an impression of pragmatism and realism which is disastrously lacking in Bonn.

On the next point, the re-appointment of ex-Nazis, to which can be linked the West German arms build-up, we shall have to proceed very warily. The Germans are quite extraordinarily sensitive to adverse British press criticism. Extracts, tendentiously selected, are given undue prominence in the German press, and their effect is undoubtedly to strengthen the rising forces of German nationalism. There is just a possibility that Herr Strauss may be persuaded to relinquish voluntarily the long-range missiles he has ordered (although the discussions in the military committee were confidential, I think I can say that German delegates did not reject such a suggestion out of hand); more than this, I do not think we can hope for. As for the ex-Nazis, the great majority of them have the massive support of the German people. With luck, a few notorious individuals will be weeded out – Oberländer, for instance, is merely waiting until he becomes eligible for his pension in May – and a good many Germans would support a purge of the judges. For the rest, we would be wiser to devote our energies to encouraging the positive efforts being made to eradicate the Nazi-style interpretation of Germany's role – for example, the fine series of programmes put out by the Norddeutcher Rundfunk.

On the central problem of re-unification, I can see no hope at all. The controversy over the territories beyond the Oder-Neisse is, in a sense, totally unreal: the Germans have been cleared out of them, bag and baggage; their compatriots know, in their hearts, that they will never be able to go back. But public admission is another matter. Why, they ask, should we recognise the new frontiers unless we get something in return? The fact is, the Germans believe they have already paid, in full, for the last war. Hence they regard the present division not as a punishment for the war but as the remediable consequence of an unjust – and unsigned – peace. Their hatred for the Ulbricht regime is unfathomable, and they believe they have a moral right to absorb and dismantle it without giving any compensating guarantees to Russia.

As a result of this basic inability to understand the realities of post-war Europe, the Germans will get nothing whatsoever. Mr Krushchev made this clear beyond any possibility of misunderstanding in Paris last week. The capitalist Federal Republic and the Communist DDR were, he said, divided by divine edict. 'We must recognise them as if, as the faithful would say, they were given by God . . . I tell you frankly that there is no possible chance of West Germany expanding eastward again'.

Faced with this unbridgeable gap, what must the West do? We can, and probably shall, recognise East Germany in time, and in so doing make the fact of division permanent. I have no doubt that this is, on balance, the wiser course, especially if it can be linked to some form of arms limitation on either side of the border. But there is a case against it, which is worth giving. A very experienced US diplomat, who has worked with the German problem since it emerged from the debris of 1945, put it like this: 'We must avoid, at all costs, placing the responsibility for a German solution on Germany's own shoulders. Both as regards Berlin and reunification, it is the Allies who must handle West Germany's case – and this means, to a great extent, reflecting Bonn's viewpoint. The alternative – to hand over West Berlin to the UN, and, by recognising East Germany, to contract out of reunification – is tempting, but it has one fatal drawback. By leaving West Germany entirely to her own resources, we would positively invite her to do a deal, for the sake of reunification, at the expense of the West as a whole. To recognise Pankow is the high-road to another Rapallo.'

As we have seen, there is precious little room for manœuvre. But what, to get down to the realities of Cold War, are the Soviet forces in the environs of Berlin actually doing? They are, as it happens, carrying out defensive exercises to repulse a theoretical Allied attack from West Berlin. Gazing from the Branderberger Tor across the devastation of the old administrative centre, I found this a vaguely comforting thought.

Paul Johnson

# An Hour with Krushchev

After Mr Krushchev left Marseilles, it became obvious that there would be less and less news-interest in his tour of France, and I returned to Paris - just in time to get a phone call from Pierre Dreyfus, the managing director of Renault. Dreyfus asked me to accompany him during Krushchev's visit to the Renault factory at Flins, near Paris. This was a wonderful chance to get a really close view of the Soviet Premier, and I accepted eagerly. To be sure, during the tour, the press had not been unduly hampered by the security services - whatever had been the intentions of the Secret Service, traditional French confusion had in fact allowed many journalists to get near to Krushchev. But only, of course, for a few seconds. Dreyfus's kind offer, however, would allow me to be at Krushchev's side for a long period, and without fear of interference by his bodyguards. Last Thursday, therefore, was my Big Krushchev Day.

It started in unadventurous fashion. During his first five minutes at the factory, Krushchev walked rapidly through the main workshop, saluting the workers with a boxer's gesture - hands clenched above the head - but saying virtually nothing. Dreyfus finally broke the silence by explaining that the shop we were inspecting was entirely automated, and that the workers the Premier could see had simply come there to greet him. 'Automation is a good thing. It is thanks to it that we shall beat you capitalists,' replied Krushchev, saluting energetically. Dreyfus then went into further technicalities, explaining an entirely new method, first used by Renault, for the automatic transfer of body-parts from one press to another. 'It is through such methods that we shall beat you capitalists,' was the reply.

After the third or fourth remark on the subject of 'you capitalists,' Dreyfus felt it necessary to protest. 'I am not a capitalist', he explained. Renault is the only publicly-owned car firm in the western world, and we have to fight hard against capitalist competition'. This didn't worry Krushchev in the least. 'That's fine. So you have the same problems as we do. But five minutes later, he was again referring to Dreyfus as 'You capitalist'. He was simply not interested in hearing about such western experiments in public ownership - or indeed about the great revolutionary traditions of the Renault workers.

Eventually, in an effort to change the subject, Dreyfus suggested to Krushchev that he ask the workers some questions. After a moment's hesitation, therefore, the cortège stopped in front of two mechanics, and Krushchev asked them how much they earned and how many hours a day they worked. He scarcely bothered to listen to their replies, seizing on them simply as a pretext to deliver a little homily on the reduction of the working day in Russia, on free medical services, etc. Dreyfus tried to explain how Renault had been the first firm in France to introduce three weeks' paid holiday, but Krushchev brushed it aside with a joke. Then he added: 'You capitalists, you'll never catch us up in this field.'

However, his good temper was improving with every minute. Smiling, relaxed, he went so far as to congratulate Dreyfus on the 580 Dauphine cars which Renault sells every day in the United States. 'You are *molodtzy* (brave fellows)! It's difficult to beat the Americans'. But he couldn't resist adding: 'We also have succeeded in selling them our Moskvitch cars.' To listen to Krushchev, one would get the impression, that, while he admired the Renault factory (which is, of course, the most modern in Europe), Russia had ones just as good at home. It was in order to get this point cleared up that Dreyfus risked offending his guest.

When the Russians claimed to have the latest electronic factories, he said, we in the west had to accept it, since there was no means of verification. Car production, however, was a different matter - one had only to look at the almost empty streets of Moscow. And he reminded Krushchev that Renault alone produced more cars than the whole of Russia. But Krushchev had his answer pat: 'We have different conceptions about cars. Under you capitalists, everyone wants to have his own individual car, and then he only uses it for an hour a day. The other 23 hours it stays in the garage. But we Communists believe that this is neither just nor rational. We prefer one and the same car to be used by a number of people. We want to see it in use for 23 hours a day - with only one hour in the garage! We stand for collective exploitation of the car'.

'All right', said Dreyfus, 'But who do you let your car to on Sunday?'

'Don't you worry, we'll let it all right', replied Krushchev complacently, as if he hadn't understood what the problem was. It was no use pressing the point. Krushchev is an able debater; he knows how to change the subject when it suits him, and how to close a discussion by making a joke. Hence, instead of pursuing his theory of collectivised cars, he suddenly turned, with great amiability, to Dreyfus and offered to buy his entire factory. 'Wrap it up, and I'll take it back with me to Moscow', he said, laughing very loudly at his own joke.

The third act of Krushchev's performance took place when the moment came for gifts to be distributed. There was table-linen for Madame Kruschev, a pair of skis for young Krushchev, and a new 'Floride' for the head of the family. Dreyfus asked him to pick his own colour. This released a tempest of jokes about how difficult it was to take such an important decision, and so on. By now, Krushchev was in top form; what he said wasn't particularly funny, but the man making the jokes was, after all, the Russian Premier, and he got a big round of laughs. Encouraged by this, Krushchev launched into fresh sallies, and might have gone on indefinitely if his schedule had not obliged him to leave. And so, after inviting everybody to Moscow, he got into his car, and the caravan swept off along the *autoroute*, closely surrounded by a phalanx of Security Guards. My hour with Krushchev was over.

It was, I must admit, a bit of a disappointment. Perhaps because of his character, or perhaps for tactical reasons, Krushchev prefers to joke and talk about his own country rather than to argue seriously with 'the capitalists' or to learn about the West. At Flins, he had a perfect opportunity to investigate the complex problems of public ownership in the west, and to study the remarkable story of Renault which, since nationalisation, has become the most go-ahead firm in France. His guide, though not a Communist, was a fervent apostle of public ownership. In short, it was a unique occasion for a serious conversation. But, as had happened elsewhere, we were simply doled out with our daily ration of jokes and maxims, not all of them very funny either. Needless to say, Krushchev's staff took their cue from him, and any attempt to engage in constructive arguments with them was even less rewarding than with their master. We were all good friends but - the conversation stayed on the match between Botvinnik and Tal rather than on foreign policy or public ownership.

Whether one likes it or not, the evidence is plain: East-West coexistence has yet to find a common language, and a common willingness - indeed freedom - to talk on any subject.

K. S. Karol

# London Diary

What, I keep asking myself, was de Gaulle thinking as he went to and from this week's state occasions - the first time he has visited London since the Normandy landings? No one will ever, can ever, know. He is so much his own legend that he probably does not know himself. It is that public figure, de Gaulle, to whom he frequently refers as someone outside himself, who is reacting to the experience. When he was last here he was still the leader of a dissident group of Frenchmen. Churchill, as we now know, had wanted Weygand - one more extraordinary example of Churchill's utter obtuseness where human beings are concerned. The allies expected to set up a military government and then hold elections, which de Gaulle might or might not (probably the latter) win. All the allied intelligence in this matter, as in most others, was completely wrong. They were given to understand that de Gaulle personally had only a small following, and anyway they loathed him - especially Roosevelt. When, in the course of a conversation with the President, Churchill made some complaint about de Gaulle's behaviour, Roosevelt remarked: 'Well, you're feeding him, aren't you?'. It was very typical of the American attitude generally, and Roosevelt's in particular.

* * *

De Gaulle has never done what anyone told him to do. He is a unique figure. His *Memoirs* show up Churchill's for the florid journalism they are, and the egotistic lucubrations of the British and American Generals for the third-rate essays in self-justification which they are. De Gaulle's *Memoirs*, with their stately and sometimes cumbersome style, are in a different category. The point is that he has a view of life, which the others have not - apart, that is, from their own performances on the public stage. He has an awareness of history, as distinct from the squalid, day-by-day elbowing for position and notice which newspapers portray. Unfortunately, his view of life belongs to the past and has little real relevance to today. It gives him authority, but no idea what to do with it. Authority, like patriotism, is not enough. I wrote of him long ago that the inheritance which fell to him was much more Petain's than that of the heroes (such as they were) of the Third Republic. The Long March was from Vichy to Paris. All the same, just because he has these virtues and thinks in terms of a Europe and of a France which once existed, even though now obliterated, he still has the elegance and solidity of an ancient Rolls Royce, which holds its own admirably

even though it does not sell for as much as a new Cadillac. The trouble is that when the ancient Rolls finally collapses, there is no replacement. The model is no longer made.

* * *

A top secret document has, I hear, been circulated in Printing House Square. It lays down a new set of usages, which will come into force in the not distant future. 'Oversea' is to go, being replaced by the more usual 'Overseas'. We are to lose 'Questionary' and to get 'Questionnaire'. Is this an indication of a loosening of Sir William Haley's hold? Now that it is going to happen I feel sad, like when those absurd lions were removed from the South Bank. I shall especially miss 'Oversea'.

* * *

Occasionally I get letters asking me why, since I regard as ludicrous our expenditure on the so-called 'Nuclear deterrent', I do not associate myself with the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign and march to Aldermaston. The reason is that my motives are different from those of Canon Collins and his associates. I want to stop manufacturing H-bombs and present our tiny stock of them to, say, Canada, not because I think our example will impress the world. It would have, in my opinion, no influence whatever on other aspiring atomic powers. Nor would it affect the possibilities of the outbreak of a nuclear war, one way or the other. The only point, as I see it, would be to save us a lot of wasted money and wasted research facilities, which could then be devoted to expediting the development of commercial atomic energy. It would also help to make the English face up to their true circumstances in the mid-20th century, instead of feeding on dreams of a phantom Commonwealth and of being a world power. They might see themselves then as living on a small island, still exquisitely beautiful despite all the efforts to make it ugly, off the coast of Europe, and as a people still highly skilled, unusually intelligent and humorous.

* * *

Since, in my experience, only the jingles really register in TV advertising, why not in future put over the Budget by means of them, rather than by a portentous personal appearance by the Chancellor of the Exchequer? There ought to be someone in the Treasury capable of producing the requisite rhymes and music. If not, an advertising firm could be called in, at no great expense, to help:

Tuppence on your favourite fags
Keeps away inflation lags.

Or,

We should love to cut your taxes
But the trade deficit waxes.

* * *

As the tragic African story unfolds with – to use Blake's stupendous phrase – 'fearful symmetry', I keep thinking of the peace treaty which concluded the South African War. It was Campbell-Bannerman and Asquith, not Cecil Rhodes and Kipling, who devised it and justified it. When I was young, the treaty was used, in Liberal and enlightened circles, as an illustration of how a generous treaty, after a hard-won victory in the field of battle, brought true peace and reconciliation. It was contrasted in this respect with the vicious Treaty of Versailles. The Boers were given electoral weighting in the rural areas, and Black Africans were denied the suffrage. As a consequence, Smuts brought the Union of South Africa into two world wars on our side, but *apartheid* and the present hideous conflict, whose end can only be an appalling blood-bath, became inevitable. It supports the theory I have long held that most of the tragedies and miseries of this age were, ironically enough, incubated in Liberal minds. No tyrant or reactionary has wrought such havoc as they have by their persistent refusal to remember, when ordering the deck-chairs, the bill that will subsequently have to be paid.

* * *

Everyone has a favourite book, which can be turned to in moments of despair and emptiness, when the morning never seems to come. Mine is Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. I love particularly the Life of Savage. Someone – I can't remember who – opened it on his mantelpiece and just went on reading it right through, finding at the end that his arm had gone dead without his noticing it. The final conclusion is wonderfully comforting to all who write for a living as best they may: 'Those are no proper judges of his [Savage's] conduct, who have slumbered away their time on the down of plenty; nor will any man easily presume to say, "Had I been in Savage's condition, I should have lived and written better than Savage".'

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

# This England

**Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.**

Customers at a restaurant in the Strand are to be served with fried chicken legs and trimmings – and a pair of plastic gloves. People apparently prefer to struggle with a knife and fork, although it is 'etiquette' to eat chicken with the fingers, but now they will be able to don the gloves, pick up the chicken, and then remove the gloves after the meal without having to wipe their fingers.—*Guardian*. (H. Booth.)

Mr George Hollis, aged 60, rode on horseback from his manager's desk at the National Provincial Bank, Exeter, into retirement yesterday. He had said that on retirement he planned to do a lot more riding and to turn out more often with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. His colleagues took him at his word and during a farewell party for him at the bank brought in a horse. After trotting round on it inside the bank Mr Hollis rode out through the door and into retirement.—*The Times*. (A. M. Laquer.)

Members of the Chester Federation of Labour Women are so disturbed over the increasing number of parents who offer to give their babies away in exchange for a house that they have tabled the following motion for the National Conference of Labour Women, which opens at Southsea to-morrow: 'That this conference calls upon the Government to make it illegal for any married woman to give away for profit any child born to her.'

A member of the Chester federation, Mrs O. Lloyd, of Brook Place, Chester, commented: 'At the moment parents are offering to exchange their babies for houses, but if this is allowed to go on, we may eventually find someone offering to exchange their baby for even a television set.'—*Guardian* (J. B. Lewis.)

The College of Arms told the Home Office Committee inquiring into Artificial Insemination by Donor that to let an AID child succeed to a peerage would be 'a fraud on the Sovereign.'—*Observer* (A. Brodie.)

# The Divine Realist

INDIAN porters were gleefully making a snowman not far from the Dalai Lama's house when Dorothy Woodman and I went up to see him. The storm had clearly announced itself the night before; each of the countless mountain ranges that lay between us and the snow peaks of the high Himalayas had, overhanging it, a heavy shroud; as nightfall approached the grey cloud mass closed in, and a great gale raged. In the house all the electricity fused and, under the strain of the blast, the windows blew in with a sound not unlike the pulling of champagne corks. Pursued by the wind, the sleet and broken glass, we groped our way to our bedrooms, aided only by flickering matches and the brilliant illumination of sheet lightning.

It would be fine, they said, in the morning; in late March bad weather could not last. Laughingly they added, as they pointed past the splendid residences that were once the hot weather refuges of the British and the Maharajahs of Baroda, Mysore and the rest, did not the Dalai Lama live there? And did not his devotees believe that he controlled the weather? Had they not declared it was no accident that the clouds lifted and the sun shone to welcome His Holiness, the day, just a year before, when he had crossed the mountains into India?

The Dalai Lama received us with a modest charm that conquers everyone. He wears a rich, reddish brown robe and, as he took our hands within his, he looked for all the world like a Rembrandt painting. But unlike most Rembrandt figures, he was smiling, a warm, friendly personality. We talked for more than an hour, with his secretary interpreting. Tibetan translation presents, I gather, peculiar difficulties. The sense of our words has to be conveyed by elaborate periphrases. We were helped by the Dalai Lama himself; he now understands the gist of much that is said in English. Conversation was conducted in a low tone. The interpreter scarcely spoke above a whisper. I concluded that one should not raise one's voice any more than one does in church. The Dalai Lama is, after all, a divine personage.

We asked him whether he had had any chance of helping his people after the Chinese entered Tibet. At first, he said, his government could do no more than obstruct the Chinese. But in 1953, he initiated a 'reforms conference' which proposed drastic changes, including taxation of the rich and land reform. His proposals were all refused by the Chinese; he saw that they intended to prevent reforms, however urgently needed, which brought credit to the Tibetan government, though they were ready enough to make capital out of any event for which it could be blamed. In 1956 he visited India; he would have preferred to stop there. But after talks with Chou En-lai, then in Delhi, Pandit Nehru persuaded him to go back to Lhasa.

The Indian Prime Minister has been candid about this as about so many other things. In a speech in the Lok Sabha on 29 April 1959, he explained that Chou En-lai had said that Tibet, though long 'a part of the Chinese state', was not considered by Peking to be 'a province of China'. There were many autonomous regions in the Chinese state, and Tibet would enjoy autonomy. He had added that it was 'absurd for anyone to imagine that China was going to force Communism on Tibet. Communism could not be enforced in this

**LIFE'S GETTING SIMPLER EVERY DAY...**

Every discovery makes life simpler for somebody. I.C.I.'s discovery of polythene, for example, has made life easier for housewives by providing them with light, strong, colourful 'Alkathene' kitchenware—from beakers and baby-baths to baskets and brooms. 'Alkathene' has also laid the bogey of the winter "freeze-up", for domestic cold-water pipes of 'Alkathene', instead of bursting, simply expand. In the form of packaging film, 'Alkathene' is protecting and preserving foodstuffs, keeping them field- or factory-fresh. Discovery—and development—are I.C.I.'s business. In spending £15 million a year on the search for and development of labour-saving materials like 'Alkathene', I.C.I. is doing its best to iron out some of life's complications.

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way on a very backward country; and they had no wish to do so, though they would like reforms to come in progressively.' Nehru had passed on these assurances to the Dalai Lama. 'I suggested,' he told the Indian parliament, 'that he should accept these assurances in good faith and cooperate in maintaining that autonomy and bringing about certain reforms in Tibet'. When we discussed this with the Dalai Lama, he made it clear that he had returned to Lhasa with considerable reluctance, and I have no doubt that Nehru's distress about recent events has been greatly increased by the feeling that he had perhaps over-persuaded the Dalai Lama; that indeed he had been double-crossed by Chou En-lai in this matter, just as he was subsequently about the Indo-Chinese frontier.

By March 1959, the struggle came to a head in Tibet. Resentment against the Chinese was general; the Khamba revolt assumed the proportions of a national movement. We asked the Dalai Lama about his letters to General Tan Kuan-san, political commissar of the Chinese army units in Tibet. They had surprised us all by their Marxist terminology. Were phrases about 'reactionary cliques' surrounding him the result of inadequate translations? The Dalai Lama smiled. Perhaps, he said, in the course of nine years of trying to work with the Communists, he had himself picked up some Marxist phrases. I asked him bluntly whether this correspondence did not indicate that he had even then cherished some hope of working with the Chinese? He nodded [illegible] honestly and decisively.

It seemed clear that he was prevailed upon to escape only when his followers feared that he would be captured by the Communists, taken to Peking, and used as a stooge. I see no reason to criticise him for staying in Lhasa while he could cling to any hope of moderating Chinese violence and himself carrying out drastic changes in the out-worn feudal structure of Tibet. He wanted himself to overhaul this antediluvian system of society and was opposed by many of the lamas and landowners. He made an almost desperate attempt to find a *modus vivendi* with the occupying power. We asked him whether the last straw was the effort of the Chinese to make him use Tibetan troops against the Khambas. He replied that undoubtedly 'the Chinese wished to involve him and his government in repressive action against his own people'.

Commentators who have represented the Dalai Lama as a passive captive saved by patriots and have interpreted his letters to General Tan merely as 'a stalling device' do him, I think, an injustice. The dilemma of a revered leader who is offered by an occupying power the choice between divorce from his people in exile or staying as a stooge has become unhappily familiar in the epoch of Hitler, Stalin and the Japanese conquerors of Asia. The Dalai Lama made a further admission. Even after he had gone to India, he added, he still hoped to be able to negotiate with the Chinese.

I asked about his escape. Had the Chinese really wanted to catch him, or were they glad 'to see the last of him'? He laughed. Three groups of Chinese, he said, had pursued him; one followed him from Lhasa; two other flank movements closed in on his party more swiftly. He believes that they were mainly anxious to cut off the many Tibetans who were fleeing the country. But, I insisted, what about himself? The Chinese may well have feared to hurt him and would they not have found him an embarrassing prisoner? He hesitated, and then agreed this might be so.

About China's intentions, about his hopes for his own country, he was not inclined to speculate. Refugees, of course, kept him informed about the terrible events happening over the long frontier. His disciples still listened to him as they had always done on both sides of every Himalayan state. What mattered, he said, over the centuries, was that the distinctive features, the unique culture and religion of his country should be preserved. Dorothy Woodman asked him whether any of Tibet's store of documents had been brought safely away from the archives. He sadly admitted that they had all been left behind and agreed that they were more important than the gold and silver which had been first smuggled out to Sikkim, and then a few weeks ago transported to Calcutta. Few people have realised the importance of this loss of a nation's history: only by these documents could it be proved just how far Tibet had been independent, where its frontiers lay and the nature of its complex relations with China, Russia and Britain. The Chinese can now destroy any documents they find awkward and rewrite Tibetan history purely in terms of a Chinese Tibet in whose affairs British imperialism had unscrupulously interfered.

I asked the Dalai Lama how far he thought the Chinese, like the Russians, drew a distinction between the kind of nationalism which preserved local customs, dances and ceremonies, and the political nationalism which Communism must ruthlessly suppress. This raised, he said, a 'deep question' which we had not time to discuss. I formed the impression that on another occasion he might be very willing to discuss this question. His future activities must depend on the answer he gives to it. It is an increasingly urgent question in a world where the ultimate military power is falling into ever fewer hands, while the demand for autonomy and the intensity of national feeling is greater than ever.

It may be, of course, that the Chinese really intend to destroy Tibet as a nation, as Hitler tried to wipe out Poland. They have killed many Tibetans and are systematically attempting to colonise large areas of the country. Even so, the Dalai Lama gave me no indication that he suffered from the illusions cherished by some of his supporters. His own statement of 9 March on the first anniversary of the Tibetan revolt did not prophesy that he would return to Tibet; he emphasised the brutality of the Chinese rule; their effort to turn his people into slaves, break up family life and deny the rights of religious worship. If this were part of progress, he prayed that 'Tibet may be spared from this progress'.

We parted with real understanding and sympathy. His warmth delighted us. He asked that his friends everywhere should work with him to preserve what is valuable and distinctive in his country's culture. He was moving his quarters in a few weeks to a spot where, as Pandit Nehru told the Indian parliament, he would be less beset with tourists and where his monks would be able to meditate undisturbed.

The future of this wise and attractive young man – he is still only 26 – suddenly plunged into the savage turmoil of world politics, cannot be gauged. My own hope for him would be that he can gather round him the more far-sighted of his countrymen in exile and become the centre of a purer, less rigid and also less selfish Buddhism than that which has dominated Tibet. I believe that that is what he himself understands and desires. He holds one of the most ancient religious titles in the world. The claims made for him are more extravagant than those of the Supreme Pontiff of the West. Yet he is a modern young man, well aware of the trends of his epoch and the significance of scientific thinking. I forgot to ask him before I left if he were responsible for the snowstorm outside; but I know that I could have done so without offence. He is a realist as well as a god-king and would have thought the suggestion that he controls the weather an excellent joke.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

*Delhi*

# Female Dominant

WELL-GROOMED and confident, we line up carrying our little receptacles of urine. Discreetly, we note each other's maternity models. Motherhood is so fashionable nowadays, that *haute couture* cannot afford to forget it. After once venturing into one of the new salons coyly labelled 'for ladies-in-waiting,' no one would dream of hiding a bulge with bits of elastic. However, the most elegant women at our pre-natal clinic are Indians, lapped by the iridescence of their impractical saris. Pretending to read cosy back numbers of *Woman*, we watch the clock; British phlegm prevents anyone from grumbling at hours wasted in pursuit of the care lavished on us by an admirable Health Service.

Finally, eventually, the doctor gives me a big smile and a small prod: 'Yes, Mrs . . . er . . . coming along fine!'

Hypnotised by his god-like calm, I barely manage to mumble a few of my routine phenomena: ' – cramp, vomiting, hyperactive salivation – '

'Pregnancy is *not* an illness, Mrs . . . er . . . ', he cuts me short with a granite benevolence calculated to make any girl ashamed of breaking the rules. Certainly, it would be hard to find an illness endowed with such a rich variety of symptoms. If one continues vomiting after all the pills have been tried, then it's obviously more psycho than somatic; and if one apparently yearns for a child, then a subconscious hostility to motherhood is responsible for that undue secretion of bile. So they get you either way. But, in fact, all we expectants count ourselves lucky to be accepted by the hospital. 'The minute you conceive,' a veteran expectant had urged me in all gravity, 'rush and book a bed.' Her tone appeared somewhat over-anxious, until inquiry at four hospitals drew a blank.

'Date of your last period, madam?' countered a chillingly upper-class inflection down the wire. After some arithmetic on my part: 'Sorry madam, we are entirely booked up.'

Don't plan a spring infant: April is the cruellest month for demand on obstetric facilities. Although 80 per cent of all London births occur in hospital, compared with a national average of 65 per cent, the unstatistical truth presents a chaotic scramble for room. Take the last LCC report: 'About a quarter of home deliveries are in the high-risk categories considered to warrant a hospital bed.' An ambulance rushing from Kent to St George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, will pass another ambulance speeding a Kensington mother out to Kent because she couldn't book locally. Why should this be?

'It would not happen,' said a doctor eminently in control of her Ministry of Health department, 'if the scheme worked as we

# Television for schools

## Plans for the School Year 1960/61

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*Fuller information about plans for 1960/61 may be obtained from the Schools Information Office :—*

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planned it.' Back in 1951, hospitals were forcefully recommended to screen applicants on a basis of their medical history and social condition. Some maternity units do examine each case, but some accept all comers, merely to clamp down when their quota is full. In any case, clinical views take precedence over administrative logic, particularly at the great teaching hospitals, which account for 16 of the 30 metropolitan units. They haven't the area responsibility of a provincial hospital, and couldn't estimate local needs even if they wanted to. The geographical problem is further confounded by regional hospital boards which overlap the county boundaries outside London proper.

However annoying for the expectant mother to track down his delivery-accommodation eight months ahead, this wouldn't much disturb the authorities but for a particular anomaly of the general misrule. I met it in the person of Mrs H, a large, over-permed girl at the borough clinic, collecting her orange juice without payment, because she's 'on the welfare'. Mr and Mrs H arrived from Belfast a month ago, to camp in their uncle's parlour until they discover a flat which hasn't been decontrolled. 'I do all me cooking out on the stairs,' she giggled, crunching free vitamin tablets with the persistence of a road-drill, 'and I'm chasing cockroaches the whole day.' They live behind Camden Town market, in a terrace whose windows are foggy with damp and old bacon fat. The ante-natal clinic tried a dozen hospitals for Mrs H.

'They might book her if she had blood-pressure,' the Health Visitor sighed over Mrs H, who thoroughly enjoys the lurid pills which are doled out to her to avert anaemia. However, since she lacked a record of miscarriages long enough to excite the interest of a consultant obstetrician, the clinic could do no more for her than persuading a local GP to register her for the Emergency Bed Service.

Many practitioners refuse to 'co-operate' in this way, unwilling to exploit a life-saver meant for premature or unexpectedly difficult births which cannot be dealt with at home. In addition, they dislike mothers worrying about their destination at the last minute. But people like Mrs H abound in the shambling tenements from Paddington to King's Cross, a railway jungle forever engulfing new inhabitants. The ant-heaps of Notting Hill alone regularly succeed in over-taxing the Emergency Service. 'There's no solution,' said a lady medical officer at the LCC, 'except a uniform policy of admission to maternity patients.' Even that wouldn't help women who seek refuge in the anonymous capital. 'Did you know that London's illegitimacy rate is double the national one?' asked the medical officer without comment.

According to official calculations, provision for 5 per cent more births in hospital would cover the urgent cases. Probably, by the time regional budgets have been squeezed and wrung to produce those extra beds, enthusiasm for home confinement will have swept the land. Before the war, a middle-class wife didn't think it quite nice to have her baby in a public ward. Any who could afford it went to a nursing home. In war-time, the prestige of communal mucking-in-together changed all that; evacuated maternity homes gave rural mothers a different outlook, and the ratio of hospital confinements more than doubled. Since the Health Service took over, this ratio has hardly altered. And now, once over the first infant, it's the done thing among my contemporaries to give birth naturally, joyously, on one's own familiar couch. (Curiously, Lancashire mothers have strenuously resisted going to hospital, whatever the current vogue.) Midwives in Chelsea have been taught to tolerate progressive young husbands in the bedroom.

A lot of this must be traced to Grantly Dick Read and his disciples, who can also take the credit, or blame, for the Relaxation Class where I have been trying desperately once a week to sink into a beatific calm on a hard concrete floor. Prone, eyes shut, right leg yerked into the approved position, we inhale the dust while a lady doctor murmurs drowsily about waves breaking on the seashore. Then we relax our pelvic girdles to the accompaniment of an ancient fox-trot. Being worst in the class, it reminds me painfully of childhood rather than motherhood – of gym afternoons when I was always reproved for dragging my flat feet by a teacher who wore purple Isadora Duncan tunics, and whom I dumbly adored.

GERDA L. COHEN

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# Winds and Seedlings

If I were keen to be in a really honest job, unlike writing, which could do no harm to anyone in the community, I would think seriously about seed-growing and nursery-gardening. It is a big industry now and assists in giving pleasure of a recognisably international kind to millions of people; our hearts beat as one with the delphinium experts of America and the prize paeony growers in the dachas of Moscow. Of course it gives pain sometimes: as *Shoppers' Guide* found out, the less reputable firms sell seed which isn't what it should be; but even with the best of seed the resulting flowers are not like the picture on the packet. Snobbism is catered for, though more discreetly than with some products. But at least the consumer is not just an open mouth or empty mind; he or she must co-operate with skill, hard work and green fingers.

As it is, I am a consumer, and of course, a swapper. Percy and Emily, however, know about both sides of it, since they used to work for one of the highly specialised nurseries which does not, like so many of them, depend for a number of the more ordinary shrubs on the Dutch growers. In Holland it is common to see cottage gardens with well grown and tended young shrubs, ready for marketing by the big firms. Dutch azalea growing is highly skilled, as the Ghent hybrids, as well as the Christmas specials, testify. And yet I ask myself if we couldn't do as well in parts of the Highland west coast.

Already Hebridean Bulb Growers, starting with quarter acres on crofts, but spreading wherever they find the combination of soil, climate and people ready to do the work, has shown what can be done. Unfortunately the few days of really intensive work coincide with haymaking. But not every crofter makes hay nowadays. So far, the more obvious sure selling bulbs have been grown, but perhaps we shall soon find something to specialise in.

And what about azaleas and the rare shrubs? Even in my garden, azaleas and many rhododendrons seed themselves; but so far I have trusted to wind pollination, so that almost all the azaleas have luteum parentage. I have been told that I ought to throw out all the golden honey azaleas and concentrate on the 'good' ones. But I can't, at my age, manage this professional ruthlessness. The Loderi seedlings, though sometimes pleasant enough, have never so far been like the seed parent. But Loderi flower at the same time as ponticum, which is one of our main problem plants. It is only the barbatum, blood scarlet in March, when little else is flowering – perhaps nothing it can cross with – that always comes true, as well as a triflorum which is late but probably does not cross with the larger-flowered species.

These seedlings have taken their chance, struggling with grass, heather, ponticum, a wretched little pink spirea which suckers away everywhere, and prickly masses of pernettya. Only a few ever get transplanted. Yet from the catalogues, which have been bed-time reading all the winter, I realise that people actually pay for pernettya-type rugosa roses and even rhododendron ponticum.

What couldn't we do with a seedlings industry in the peaty Highlands! Of course seedlings are not so easily harvested as bulbs. Half the cost of a shrub is its packing. But a co-operative society, handling orders centrally, should be able to send round a van with packers. The Forestry Commission could do it, and well. But they have a firmly blinkered policy about not competing with 'the trade' – not even for social reasons, such as bringing extra employment into the Highlands. Perhaps some public spirited estate, such as the Duke of Westminster's, would try shrub growing and see if it might be suitable for sheltered, peaty crofts near the sea. We desperately need alternatives.

It seems to me that deciduous azaleas have everything: an autumn blaze in the leaves, a

reasonably attractive winter look, flowers with shape and colour – unlike, for example, most of the viburnums – and usually a scent – unlike the camellias, which have the best evergreen foliage of anything. With our big azalea bushes we can cut and come again; they last well indoors or revive after a journey. Also, once they have got their roots in, they stand up well to wind.

That is essential for us in the west of Scotland. My garden was fairly typical of the rather unimaginative lay-out of the 'big-house' garden a hundred years ago. There is a terrace in front of the house, grass lawns, not all of which can be kept up now, a walled kitchen garden, with a rhododendron plot and a 'wild garden' dating from the end of the century. The layout of the whole of the garden is done with an eye to the wind.

There is an enormous escallonia hedge as a windbreak between me and the cricket-field, just now unlovely with the remains of swedes and kale stalks which the Galloways will polish off when they are let in. Beyond the field is the bay and the sea, which usually looks amiable enough, but off which comes the salt-bearing south wind, guaranteed to burn up the leaves of the toughest shrub or tree.

An English garden may have long, beautiful vistas, but a Scottish garden must be snug. Our walls do not really protect the flat two acres of kitchen garden, planned in the usual way, as four squares of fruit and vegetables, with paths and flowers beds on their edges. When we took over, 22 years ago, there were various windbreak hedges. All round, immeddiately inside the wall, there was a series of boxes, mostly bedded out with French marigolds, petunias, asters and scabious, but interestingly hedged with tricuspidaria, various hebes and escallonias, kalmias and olearias. Down the middle, hedged in by dark escallonias, was a double border, bare earth most of the year, then a forest of green-painted stakes and then for a month magnificent with bath-sponge dahlias.

All the hedges needed constant clipping, the annuals constant bedding out. I did not yet know the west Highland climate and rashly rooted up most of the hedges, replacing geraniums, when the war came, with far too many cabbages. The head gardener, whom we took over with the house, was Calvinist-minded; he liked staking and clipping and mowing; he liked to leave vegetables till they were large and tough. I was so scared of him that I seldom went into the walled garden during working hours, but made myself a crescent-shaped bed at the far side of the house which nobody else worked on. This was exactly what my aunt, Elizabeth Haldane, similarly terrorised, had done at Cloan in Perthshire a generation before.

But that gardener went. He was unquenchably a head gardener, and we couldn't go on providing his cannon-fodder. Two single-handed gardeners came and went, each leaving the garden more of a wreck and turning the gardener's cottage into more and more of a slum. I coped with it alone for a matter of months, aided occasionally by visiting MPs, but it was a wet summer and the weeds were winning the battle.

Then, out of Cornwall, which also has an Atlantic climate, and from years in the garden which produced *Shrubs for the Milder Counties*, Percy and Emily came, with Stumpy, that exceedingly wise cat who recognises the difference between small birds, which are looked at severely but let alone, and mice, which are no longer tolerated in the garden. Now every-


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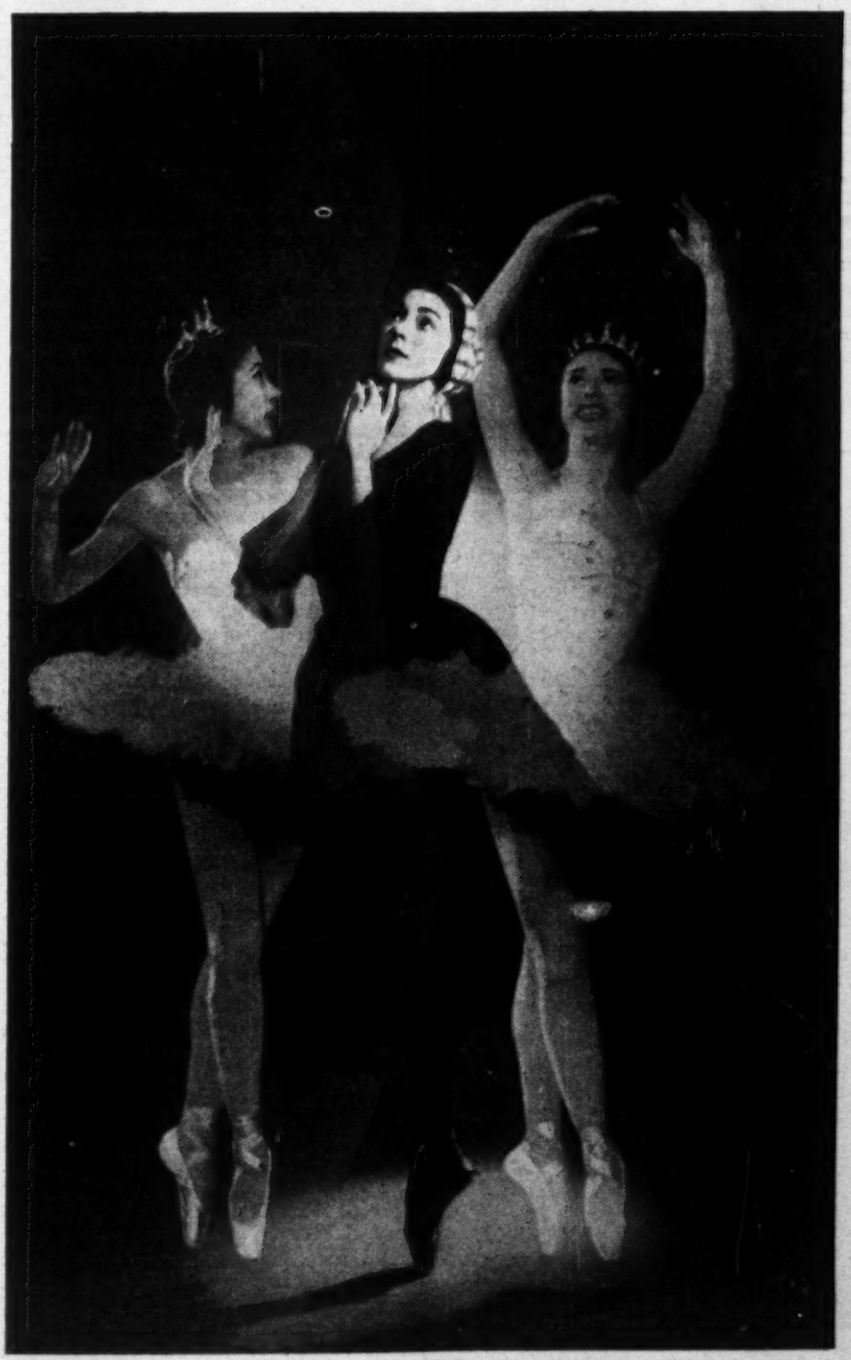

thing is different. Unlike other gardeners who insist on having things in rows, Percy sympathises with all trailers, overlappers, untidy but romantic flowers. Only vegetables grow in rows now. The cottage is a picture; even the least promising, exposed bit of wall has Emily's cyclamen's flourishing under it. I find myself welcome in the garden, and, goodness, what a lot I am learning!

When the war ended and one could again think of something other than cabbages, I began to regret my lost windbreaks. I planted the hedges again at each side of the double border, but with a grass path between them and it, so that they don't immediately start sucking the good soil of the bed. This is a mixed hedge, with lonicera, beech, holly, berberis, darwinii, olearia and flowering currant, kept trimmed at one side and wild at the other. I put a couple of cypress seedlings into it, the *cupressus macrocarpa* which grows so much better with us than in its native Monterey. These are now very handsome but much too big; I keep on saying to myself that I ought to do something about them. Never mind, Percy will certainly know the answer!

In the cross-over, where the long beds are cut by the main path, there used to be lumps of stone, pathetic remains of a rockery, much overgrown with this and that. Now there are four young camellias, which will in time tower into deep green glossiness of leaves and profuse, formal flowers. Primroses and jonquils, followed by tulips, will nestle round their toes. I shall be 80 or so, but (assuming no H-bombs have dropped) I shall be surprised if I don't enjoy it, write about it, and tell off my great-grandchildren for treading on the flowers.

NAOMI MITCHISON

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## Dark-varnished Comedy

THE new dispensation at Stratford is in. The theatre now has a revolving stage, an apron jutting into the stalls and a new resident director. The opening production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* seemed designed chiefly to show off these assets. The stage twirled so constantly and fast that it seemed at times more like *Carousel* than Shakespeare; the leading characters each took their turn on the apron stage, trying to break down the fourth wall and buttonhole the audience; and Peter Hall tried nearly every trick in the book to relieve the monotony of very early Shakespeare. But it's heavy going: the plot and development are conventional and the verse monotonous. Yet I'm not at all sure that the play's longueurs are as inevitable as he makes them seem.

Granted Mr Hall has great advantages as a Shakespearean director. He seems to know what the plays mean now, as though, alone among the producers, he'd read critics later than Granville Barker. He has respect for the language as poetry and does his best to force a high standard of verse-speaking on his cast. But he has a vice: he is a sucker for a pretty scene; and in Renzo Mongiardino he has a designer all too able to pander to him. The stage was so littered with ivied ruins and bits of decaying gilded interiors that it looked like an opulent, tinted Piranesi. Pretty enough in itself, I admit, yet it contrived to make an immature play seem altogether decadent. Mr Hall's direction dragged accordingly. There were so many pauses while the stage ground round to show off the scenery, picturesque extras hobbled in and out providing atmosphere and the characters paused to imply meanings that weren't there, that the play's one saving grace was lost. I mean its vigour. Despite this production, *The Two Gentlemen* is not sober, serious and dark-varnished; on the contrary, it has freshness bounce and precious little else.

The vigour survives only with the comics. Patrick Wymark, aided by a talented, dead-pan dog, was a brilliant Launce, exuding a massive, stricken humour which was perfectly offset by Jack MacGowran's more vulnerable, pattering style as Speed. The rest of the cast was mixed. Denholm Elliott and Susan Maryott, as Valentine and Sylvia, matched each other, sensitivity for sensitivity. Both have voice, delicacy, gentleness but no reserves of power. Miss Maryott, however, who gamely fought robbers and a slipping wig at the same time, has that haunting and haunted look that might make her a fine Juliet. Derek Godfrey's Proteus and Frances Cuka's Julia were another matter entirely. Mr Godfrey apparently can't yet distinguish between a renaissance gallant and a plain wide-boy. His idea of wit is to pull a sour face and strenuously massacre the metre. Miss Cuka did the same, but self-deprecatingly. Eric Porter was a strong, stylish and witty Duke of Milan. Raymond Leppard provided excellent music.

Obviously, the company has yet to settle down. Obviously, too, Mr Hall will find plays that really interest him as the cycle of comedies moves on. On this occasion, he seems to have decided that the play, as a play, was worthless except as a way of showing off his newly installed equipment. So he sacrificed everything to a fey, twilit atmosphere. It may not be much of a sacrifice but it did for *The Two Gentlemen.*

*The Naming of Murderers' Rock* (Royal Court) begins as an interesting experiment, becomes, almost in the teeth of irrelevant details, queerly compelling, like one of those endless novels by Dreiser, and ends by being downright moving. The author, Frederick Bland, has simply reconstructed a century-old New Zealand murder trial. The outcome is known from the start, one of the accused has confessed, two plead not guilty, a fourth has turned Queen's evidence. John Bird directs the whole inexorable progress to the scaffold with a dogged naturalism. People shuffle on and off with a steady disregard for the dramatic moment; both the lawyers are unhistrionic, one of them is wearily ineffective; the two prisoners who defend themselves are passionate but inept, and the judge – a good piece of controlled acting by Nicholas Meredith – determinedly holds them to the form, if not the precise letter of the law.

If the play is simply a muted attack on the crumbling impersonality of the law, which refuses those caught up in it their main chance and the depth of their personal complexity, then the first three scenes are effective but a bit obvious. This kind of determined naturalism can be done better in the cinema where the director wills the audience into his own special focus; close-ups, cross-cutting and cannily composed 'takes' can substitute visual concentration for dramatic development. But on the stage naturalism drags easily into the merely non-dramatic. It is only in the final execution scene that you realise that the point of the play is quite different. All the fumbling and interruptions, the quibbling and ineffectuality led to this: three men waiting to die. A superb performance by Colin Blakely, as the least eloquent criminal reading a prepared death speech composed of every cliché of Victorian popular literature, drove home the horror of the business: there are truths of experience which, without a certain skill and intelligence, can't be contained in the formulae either of law or of popular morality. It is a reversal of Sweeney's 'I gotta use words when I talk to you', a drama not of naturalism, or of law, or of murder, but of total lack of communication. The play may take a long time to make its point, but its very slowness is compelling and the result is powerful and impressive.

At the other end of the scale is the total communication of *The Billy Barnes Revue* (Lyric, Hammersmith). Having taken over musical comedy, the Americans are now moving in on intimate revue. Certainly, this is the funniest show of its kind since Max Adrian left off. Instead of the usual Punch-and-water humour of our own professional debs, this revue has style, energy, wit and some really tough satire; if we could do to our stars and nitwits what they do to Judy Garland, Arthur and Marilyn Miller, the Beatniks and the Westerns, our theatrical sky would be a good deal brighter. We may have lost the great Gingold to the States, but Patti Regan, Joyce Jameson and Ann Guilbert are doing their joint best to make up for her. Take advantage of it.

A. ALVAREZ

# Verdi's Macbeth

THE adaptation of *Macbeth* for opera poses grave problems. The play is not constructed on the Aristotelian pattern: the murder of Duncan, the crisis from which everything else stems, is placed almost at the beginning of the play and itself results from an understood but not represented dramatic development. Unlike *Othello*, *Macbeth* has the initial drawback, for operatic purposes, that it cannot be presented as a crescendo of action towards the catastrophe. There is nothing more difficult for music to portray than a process of disintegration; and it was only later, when he returned to Shakespeare with *Othello*, that Verdi was able to do this.

Piave's libretto, based on Verdi's own scenario, does not help to solve these problems – even if we try to forget Shakespeare, as Francis Toye advises in his book on Verdi. Shorn of almost all causal connections, the main events are isolated scenes, lacking inevitability: there is no way of tracing the development of the protagonists, and the final catastrophe of Lady Macbeth's death and her husband's defeat serve only as an excuse for the glorification of the just victors.

The quality of musical invention in opera is largely determined by the success of the dramatic action; so if the development of the action sometimes sags, the composer is compelled to write what might almost be called incidental music and thus relinquish his proper and only role of dramatist through music. With the resources at his disposal, Verdi achieves a certain amount of real drama in individual scenes, especially in the pieces which he added twenty years after the original production. The arrival of Duncan at Macbeth's castle, the sleepwalking, the final battle, and above all the banqueting scene, all show musico-dramatic ingenuity. And the juxta- and super-positioning of Lady Macbeth's conventional drinking-song with Macbeth's gruesome dealings with Banquo's murderers, and later with the appearance of the ghost, is first-rate theatre.

If *Macbeth* is to hold the stage today as a real music-drama, and to survive as something more than a costume piece in which the obvious attractions of the fine vocal parts justify ineffective action, almost everything depends on producer and designer. By all accounts, Ebert and Neher succeeded in their Glyndebourne production just before the war. In this new production, the first at Covent Garden, Michael Benthall did not manage to convince us of any inevitability in the drama and George Wakhevitch's sets, whatever other merits they might have shown, were not designed for what should be a fast production making the most of contrasts within and between scenes.

Tito Gobbi as Macbeth overshadowed all the other singers by the sheer virtuosity of his technique. His seemingly effortless variety of mood and tone colour contributed more to the opera than any of the mock-gestures of the others. Amy Shuard, in the taxing role of Lady Macbeth, must be congratulated on her brave performance. Her strangled lower register in the first two acts may possibly be criticised as singing, but it seemed just the right colour for this part of the work.

There is much to be praised in the musical handling of this production (conducted by Molinari-Pradelli); but the whole is irredeemably marred by the producer's and the designer's inability to find any coherent style. Appreciation is hindered by unnecessary ges-


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tures, muddled scenic effects and unsuccessful attempts at tableaux in the witches' and soldiers' scenes – and the less said about the final battle the better. But one must ask why the moving of the forest of Birnam, surely a godsend for the producer, was simply left out. The price of stage foliage is surely less than that of small arms.

ALEXANDER GOEHR

## The Depth of Life

SOMETIMES London dramatic criticism resembles a dirty estuary with the tide out. So it is with the utmost disgust that this week one perceives the bottles, bones and mud again; a splendid play, at the Arts, Patricia Broderick's *The Admiration of Life*, is thrown upon the mud to expire. At such exposure one must rage; for *The Admiration of Life* is the only play running now that explores in depth. Its obscurities are themselves a sort of triumph; there is no floor to the heart and the plummet will never find the length of a man. It is foolish – again we come back to the critics – to expect neat answers. Not that the language of this play is imprecise; when truth is glimpsed it is followed up with astonishing eloquence; and the final soliloquy is the strongest dramatic statement, the most intense poetry, we have heard for many a monosyllabic day. It is strong because when spoken it has behind it the change and catharsis of the play. It is the illogic of it; the spasms of self-preservation that, in their blindness, destroy; the desperate reach of people with no roots, like stalks running up to the light. Of its own situation and its own miraculous terms, *The Admiration of Life* leaves – beyond that speech – nothing more to say. The end is absolute.

The plot concerns two American misfits; a young actor-waiter (Robert Duvall), whose failures are his self-justification for creeping into a hermitage of dirty sheets, and a young girl, daughter of a back-slapping advertising tycoon, who is sentenced to a padded cell of rich-girl clothes and Rotary guffaw. They meet, make love, share horrible experience, quarrel and part. But before they go, these misfits fit us all; their incoherent loneliness and misericordia has, sometime or another, infected all youth.

The second act contains the death scene of a boy that is extraordinary. How dare Patricia Broderick give us Little Nell? Yet the gamut is gone through without a wrong word, everything is right – the stories that have no point; the dazed half-sentences; the waiter's kicking of the ground, a loose carpet, has something of the quality of Malcolm's 'hat upon your eyes', a dumb reaction to grief. The direction should, I think, have interposed the actors between us and the last blood-spit of the boy, at least reduced the detail of the death, but that, too, could be borne. The words had taken it out of sensation. The whole scene revealed character urgently and served the functions of tragedy.

*The Admiration of Life* is Patricia Broderick's first play; it certainly has imperfections that, if one likes, one can seize upon; but it is a work of potent art, bringing, by way of bonus, an exceptional young actress to London, Pauline Taylor. It is necessary for the very health of the theatre that a play like this should be seen and applauded. It is a critic's merest duty to demand that the Arts Theatre be filled nightly.

H. A. L. CRAIG

## Gallery at Coventry

THE picture gallery part of the new Herbert Art Gallery and Museum is purely conventional in conception, a handsome set of six rooms of even height but varied size split four and two on either side of an open first-floor foyer. Circulation is of the 'follow your nose' kind with no transitions or sudden cross vistas. There is the usual two-foot skirting (of beautifully figured stone) which has the effect – as in bank architecture – of making the building seem larger but the contents and the viewer feel smaller. This does not help the curator in his natural task of making people feel at home in an art gallery. He is even left with the ultimate in lack of forethought – no sooner has he got really valuable pictures on the wall than he has to put up ugly posts and ropes to keep people away from them. Considering that this is the first complete art gallery and museum to be built in Great Britain since the war it is a disappointing building.

However, to be able to mount four exhibitions at once is a rare facility in provincial cities and one in which Coventry can take just pride. 'The International Loan Exhibition' is more than a very distinguished achievement in borrowing, it exhibits the enormous range which European art has encompassed. Continued visits to this gallery alone should shake anyone out of preconceptions of right and wrong in art. Diversity and multiplicity of view may scare school-marms but it shouldn't scare the public from a healthy involvement in new experiences. The kind of guidance which is valid and of most use is that implicit in the small but beautifully presented 'Fifty Years of Polish Art'. Scholarship gives it pattern; selection and spacious hanging leave the pictures to speak for themselves.

★ ★ ★

Both Sickert exhibitions, at Roland's and at Agnew's, have been full of good things but neither has, for me, provided enough material for a proper reassessment of Sickert's significance or influence. Maybe the Tate exhibition later on, in May, will give us an adequate view of his talents: his diversity of scale, for example, which is something rare in English painting. The 'Soutine and His Circle' exhibition (Crane Kalman) is, by contrast, just right. At a moment when expressionism is no longer simply equated with violence and lack of emotional control, these lyrical pleasantries put a humane basis under his art, yet do not detract from the intensity of Soutine's vision.

Julian Trevelyan's recent pictures at Zwemmer's do not, to my mind, very often rise above adequate pictorial journalism. The quilted format begins to look like a formula and it is in pictures such as *Chiswick Sunset* and *Demolition*, where colour touches colour, that his most personal statements come across. Adamowicz and Douglas Portway, both at Drian, also have their formulae and rely on the emotional charm of their colour to a great extent. But Allan Rawlinson, in his sheet copper sculptures (same gallery), manages to extend his immense sensitivity for the material into structures which combine poise and fancy. The most arresting new exhibition is at Gimpel's where Hassel Smith – associated with San Francisco – recoups a lot of last week's losses from the West Coast with a free-hand fluency both of the brush-stroke and imagery. He manipulates his man-sized canvases as if they were a sketchbook on his lap, achieving that combination of intimacy and scale which seems to be a hallmark of good American painting.

KEITH SUTTON

## Hold the Nose

FOR some weeks an Eye has been staring out of newspapers and from buses: now, with *Peeping Tom* at the Plaza, it is upon us. 'Do you know what the most FRIGHTENING thing in the world is . . .?' 'Please, sir! Chap with a cinecamera on a tripod, and he comes nearer the girl, photographing her, and then he puts out the tripod front, and there's a knife on the end, and then there's a distorting mirror she must look into, and then he – ' 'That's enough, Whitebait: don't give away the plot.'

*Peeping Tom* stinks more than anything in British films since *The Stranglers of Bombay*. Of course, being the work of Michael Powell, it has its explanation, its excuse. But so had *The Stranglers*; it was 'history', you remember. *Peeping Tom* is 'psychology'. Why does the murderer with the cinematic itch and the skewering tripod do as he does? Because his father was a famous psychologist who specialised in Fear and kept a cinematic record of his son's fears as he reacted to


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bright lights at night, a lizard dropped on the bed, and lovers embracing on a seat. Mama's death-bed provided him with a real family-album shot.

So no wonder his son went in for taking feelthy pictures in Soho (though, really, these were exceedingly prim); and went up to street-women after dark with his camera purring under his coat. Marvellous camera: it gets perfect tones in a dark street and in ill-lit interiors, is noiseless, and though bulky, invisible: the envy of any cine-club.

But with the tripod idea he gets more ambitious. And then the girl downstairs grows curious about him; and so does her blind mother, sensing wrong . . . such wrong that in the end, with girls getting wary and inspectors on his tail, he does himself in on the spike of his tripod, staring into the distorting mirror.

But what worries me is that anyone at all could entertain this muck and give it commercial shape. The combination of the two is peculiarly nauseous; and it is odd to reflect that the last film of Mr Powell's we saw was *Battle of the River Plate*. True, before that, *A Canterbury Tale* and *A Matter of Life and Death* more than hinted at morbidity.

Perversion broods also over *Never Take Sweets from a Stranger*, now wandering in the provinces, a Hammer Horror on its best behaviour. With queer results. It is even *restrained*, and despite the title has less to do with dangers to little girls than feudalism in a Canadian township. The old man who built it is untouchable – until they find him gibbering by a child slain. One may doubt whether this is a fair picture of any Canadian town: what is quite certain is that the English parents in this film are far too neurotic to bring up any child, and as for the two kids, they rather ask for it and are by modern lights backward indeed. Uneasily, a play of some substance lies behind this muddle; but the moral seems clear – Don't go to Canada.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

## Extreme Candour

LITTLE emerged about the sexual appetites of the people of Ickham in last Sunday's BBC TV documentary on this Kent village. Possibly they just don't *do* anything there: the village school, no longer needed, is being pulled down; some of the mature widows by whom the place seems largely populated seem slightly sharp-tongued (though others are 'charming', in a rather desperately memsahib way); and the males, ageing and crotchety, apparently prefer beer.

But plenty of opinionated information on other matters was dug up in James Morris's interviews with his fellow-villagers (among whom, one gathered, he no longer lives, and perhaps that's as well for him, though the total effect of his profile of their life was oddly endearing). I don't know what Mr Morris's own views are, but one had the feeling that he was trying hard to get someone to say something even mildly radical: if this was so, except for one cheery eccentric who proclaimed himself 'a Red', he failed – but was of course, too honest not to record the answers he got. This man was all for Suez, that one would be 'very annoyed' if his daughter wanted to marry a Negro, and so on through the usual dreary catalogue of lumpen prejudice.

I had nearly switched off, or over, at the start of *Reflections in a Village*, supposing that it would be a rustic travelogue of the too-familiar 'and – so . . .' kind (parodied superbly by Peter Sellers in his 'and so we say farewell to picturesque Bal-ham' recitation). Luckily I stayed with it long enough to hear a determined female Ickhamite say, glaring straight at us: 'I've never been to London and I don't want to and I don't like Ickham either'. Clearly this was a film of unusual candour and freshness, and so it turned out to be, even to the shot of the villagers leaving church on Sunday, with its deflating comment: 'If this looks to you as if quite a lot of well-dressed people have been to church, remember that there's a television camera in the lych-gate'.

Candour, extreme candour, was also the main merit of Granada TV's programme on venereal disease, *The Shadow of Ignorance* (which should, statistically, be of direct personal interest this year to one inhabitant of Ickham). I do not recall clearly the BBC's earlier treatment of this subject in *Lifeline*, but my impression is that it was more reserved, concentrated on gonorrhœa, and dealt with syphilis, if at all, in less gruesome detail. The Granada script was free from moralising. Jo Grimond, introducing the programme, said: 'How should we feel about someone who had VD? How shocked ought we to be? Here's one way of looking at it. Imagine three unmarried girls who go to bed with three young men. One of them gets pregnant, one of them gets VD, and to one of them nothing happens to at all. Do we feel differently about each? . . . All three have done exactly the same thing.' But the programme was probably the more effective as propaganda against promiscuity just because the case was put pragmatically.

The only thing wrong was its time, 10.5 to 10.50: another example of the ITV scheduling that keeps useful information from those most likely to benefit by it, such as the youth, interviewed by Elaine Grand, who had first caught gonorrhœa at 15, when his knowledge had been limited to a vague awareness that there was such a thing as VD and (as to sex) that 'it's not to stir your tea with'. This was one of several vivid interviews – one being a prostitute who flattered herself on not being a whore ('. . . a prostitute is a professional – she knows her business, and it's her business to keep clean – a whore just sells herself for a drink or a meal . . .'), another with a young man with an upper-class accent who, asked by Miss Grand if he had caught VD from a casual pick-up, replied – in a tone whose shocked agony seemed at least partly social – 'Oh *God*, no . . . A *débutante!*' But the patients' experiences (and misconceptions) were balanced and corrected by authoritative interviews with specialists, and with a jovial male nurse who'd been on this job for 38 years and is happy about it because 'it's the only branch of medicine where we can guarantee that all our patients are going to get better.'

The BBC Home Service's usually lively *Today* felt obliged to welcome President de Gaulle to London with a much too gushing, and therefore boring, encomium by a French journalist. I preferred ITN's *Roving Report:* this handled the state visit obliquely by recording an interview between a French student new to London and a French diplomat, M. Mayer, who taught him some of the subtleties of conversational English – *e.g.*, that 'I may be wrong' means 'Of course I'm right,' and that 'We must keep in touch' means '*Adieu.*'

TOM DRIBERG

# Have you discovered Feiffer?

A SHORT TIME ago Pendennis in *The Observer* examined the strip-cartoon characters in other newspapers (Colonel Pewter, the Gambols, the Bumsteads, Andy Capp, etc. . . . ) with a kindly interest in their besetting sins (Pride, Envy, Sloth, etc. . . . ). He made no mention of *The Observer's* own weekly cartoon strip by Jules Feiffer, for Feiffer's cartoons are not devoted to the adventures of any particular set of characters, or to any particular indulgences. But if you are beset by Doubt, Feiffer is your man . . .

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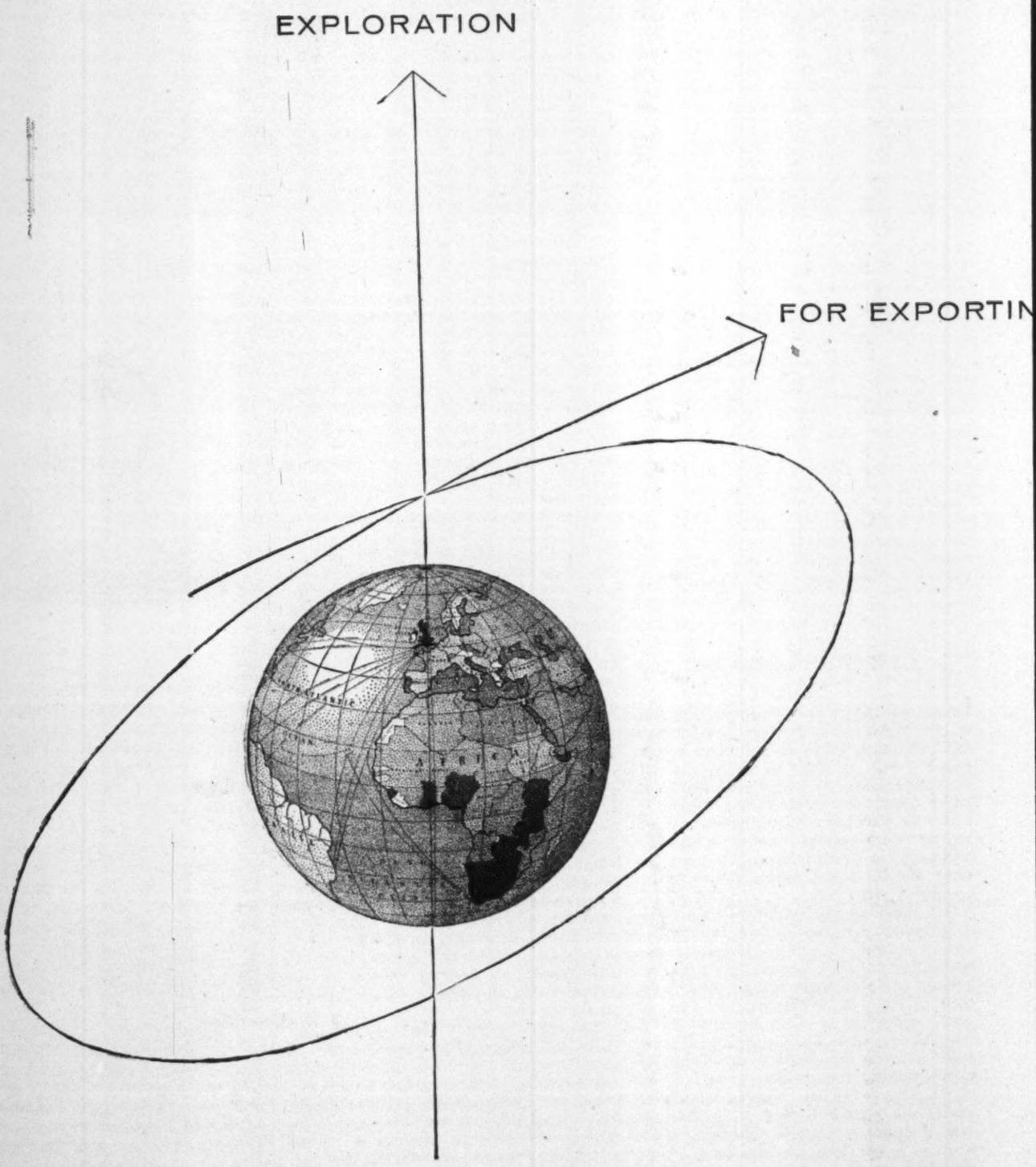
Jules Feiffer is young, unmarried, hip, an Eastern American with inherited puritanism, a citizen of Greenwich Village with a pass to every other Bohemia. Of his readers in *The Observer*, a majority says nothing, while two minorities applaud and hiss. It's a test of something . . . and not merely of cleverness. It's liable to grow on you. Have you discovered where you stand?

J.B.L.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# Correspondence

## AFRICAN TRAGEDY

SIR, – The present situation arises entirely from the racial policy of Dr Verwoerd's government. As in the time of Dr Malan and Mr Strijdom, the Afrikaner Nationalists base their economic policy on cheap African labour, and their foreign policy consists solely of their attitude to Africans. It would appear, therefore, that present events are likely to produce a change in the Afrikaner attitude to Britain and the Commonwealth. Shortly before Mr Macmillan visited South Africa, Dr Verwoerd had finally announced the holding of a plebiscite to decide if the country should become a republic. It seems probable that this will be called off.

Numbers of Europeans of British origin have left the country, and events since the terrible and needless massacre at Sharpeville are likely to persuade more to leave. For the first time since Dr Malan assumed power, the Nationalists have a clear knowledge of world disgust at their racial policy. They are unlikely to want to cut off their 1.5 million people from the rest of the world, leaving themselves alone with 12 million Africans, one million Coloureds and 500,000 Indians. Dr Verwoerd is likely to find it expedient to hide in the British Commonwealth. He will probably do this on the grounds that internal conditions prevent decisions being taken on other issues and beyond any doubt his government and police will 'discover' and 'uncover' African plots to 'cause widespread this-and-that'. He knows that his government must try to put Africans in the wrong, in an attempt to gain world sympathy.

Do we want South Africa in the Commonwealth? Certainly. Do we want to be continuously associated with the racial miseries caused by the Afrikaner Nationalists? No. We ended slavery; their attitude is abhorrent to the overwhelming majority of our people. It is a moral, not a political problem, but it will have to be fought out on a political level, and this is complicated by our government's reluctance to be involved in the domestic affairs of another country, notwithstanding the example of Hungary. Therefore, it is worth noting that events in South Africa involve the well being and security of British citizens: the people of Basutoland, Bechuanaland, and Swaziland, who migrate to South Africa for work. We have a right to demand their safety. There are also foreign Africans in the country: the people of South West Africa, which was taken over by Dr Malan's government and about which you published a letter of mine on 5 August 1950. Their interests have to be protected by us, if not by the United Nations.

We have clear opportunities to influence the Afrikaners. They are a minority in the wrong and now they know themselves alone. A great deal could be done by South Africans, whose own disgust and desire for change was demonstrated through the 'Torch' movement of 'Sailor' Malan and the black armband women, a few years ago. From letters I am receiving from many of them, I know that they expect us to give them a lead. But if the minority of Afrikaners who hold power refuse to advance their 17th century viewpoint into the realities of this century, then they should be told that their un-Christian and mentally retarded attitude is not wanted in the British Commonwealth.

HENRY GIBBS

Newton Abbot
Devon

SIR, – A great scream is made, quite justifiably as the events are at present recorded, about the shootings in South Africa. Nobody detests violence – and all identity cards and passports – more than I do. Still, what right have we, when we comfortably swallow 7,000 killings on the roads each year, to scream about 70? And what about our record in Cyprus and Egypt? Our almighty sweetness seems to be directed mainly at other people's possessions.

How, I wonder, would an Englishman feel if he were born a white Afrikaner, with a family going back to 1650? He would have no other country, and the choice would be simply his own freedom or domination by Africans. And why – at present – *should* Africans dominate? Merely because they are a majority? You yourself speak, in your leader, of the 'deplorable weakness of their leadership'. Of course: because every known fact suggests that Africans, at present, are highly emotional and unreasonable.

When I was in India in the Thirties, I was most strongly in favour of Indian independence then. Why? Because it was obvious that there was a mass of Indians who were more brilliant and better instructed than their 'rulers'. That is not the case in Africa yet – by a long chalk. The implication of each grant of independence is – now – that each little new country is going to fight its neighbours. By delaying in India we were responsible for the 1947 massacres: by going too fast in Africa, we may yet be responsible for something worse.

LIONEL FIELDEN

Poggio Luce
Ripafratta
Pisa, Italy

SIR, – May we appeal for help for the injured and the relatives of the Africans killed in the Windhoek incident in South West Africa in December, when they were shot by South African police in circumstances very similar to the recent tragic events in the Union.

The background was opposition to the removal of 17,000 people from their present location to a new one, where rents will be more than ten times greater and where they will come under even stricter controls as the South African government further extends its rigid *apartheid* policy. Some families have been deprived forever of the 'breadwinner'; others whose relatives were wounded are also in great need.

Please help them by a donation to the Defence and Aid Fund, (which is doing such excellent work for South African prisoners and dependents) earmarked Windhoek A/C, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, EC4.

A. WEDGWOOD BENN
BARBARA CASTLE
MARY BENSON
JOHN STONEHOUSE
FENNER BROCKWAY

## LEFT HOLDING THE DETERRENT

SIR, – Mr Zilliacus's cry from the heart 'Evidently I have been wasting my breath [arguing against the nuclear deterrent] as far as Mr Bellenger is concerned', brings out the fact that for some years now there has been no real debate between Left and Right over the main issue, only speeches in isolation – for the main issue is political. It is not whether within the Nato alliance conventional weapons should predominate over nuclear. It is not even whether the deterrent should be opposed on moral grounds. It is whether Russian Communism presents, or has ever presented, a military threat to the West.

That this basic issue is continually being sidestepped is plain from a number of recent instances. In a celebrated correspondence two years ago, *The Times* printed 65 letters on the subject of the hydrogen bomb; all were concerned with its ethical and strategic significance; none challenging its political necessity was accepted. On 20 September last I raised the matter in the *Observer;* the correspondence was closed immediately afterwards. In the last defence debate in the House, the speaker following Mr Zilliacus refused to discuss the political arguments raised, on the grounds that the gulf was too wide to be bridged. In the most recent of the BBC's *Matters of Moment* broadcasts, the main point for discussion, according to the chairman, was whether Britain should have the nuclear deterrent. Unfortunately the four MPs selected to discuss this were all on the same side. They differed strongly, it is true, on the size of the part the deterrent should play; but none questioned its political necessity. To the BBC, it is plain, this latter point was irrelevant; to me the former was.

Yet it is upon this central issue that the real debate hangs, not to mention the success of the forthcoming Summit conference. Reduced to its barest essentials, the argument of the Left should be this: the fact that the Russians have since the war consolidated a position in eastern Europe first offered them by Churchill, plus the fact that subsequently Communists in Czechoslovakia, Indo-China, Korea and elsewhere took advantage of local conditions to try and seize power, justifies neither the Nato alliance nor the nuclear deterrent. And until this point is argued out and settled, Messrs Zilliacus and Bellenger will continue talking to themselves.

BRIAN THOMAS

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SIR, – Dangerous chauvinistic overtones have been appearing in the hitherto quite justifiable protests against West German's role in Nato and her employment of ex-Nazis in various government departments. If this anti-Germanism had been restricted to the editorial columns of the Beaverbrook press, not many of us would have been surprised. But when such sentiments are expressed by people supposedly on the political left there are good reasons for a sense of disquiet and concern. It is important to remember that internationalism has traditionally been part and parcel of left attitudes. And despite the *volte-face* at Basle nearly 50 years ago, internationalist feeling has still tended to persist in social democratic circles.

Recently John Braine has been quoted as saying that he would not trust the Germans with table cutlery. The other day during a Communist Party rally in the Albert Hall, John Gollan called for a four point campaign. And the first

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point was: 'No German on British soil.' Gollan's position seems to reflect propaganda during the war. Can we be sure that the prejudices aroused then have entirely disappeared?

We are in danger of forgetting the role that was played by anti-fascist Germans in the Spanish civil war and in Germany itself, during the thirties. In Tito's partisan movement there was even a German battalion. The writers personally know Germans who conducted a struggle against Nazism from the late twenties onwards; they are lucky to be still alive. Are they to be tarred by the anti-German brush?

Instead of embarking on negative criticism and indulging in emotional posturing, it would be far better if we were to express solidarity with those Germans who are campaigning against the rise of militarism and the continued employment of ex-Nazi officials whether in West or East Germany.

ZENA MADDISON
MICHAEL MADDISON
JAMES D. YOUNG

31 Glasslyn Road, N8

## RELIGION AND HUMANISM

SIR, – Mr Sydney Harris and other humanists are building their houses on sand. 'For the humanist the validation of an ethic is dependent upon its social utility', states Mr Harris. What does he mean by 'social utility'? Does he mean what is useful to everyone or what is useful only to some people? If the former, then humanism is quite ineffective, as half the world is Communist and is not likely to give up its well tried beliefs for anything so muddled and indefinite as humanism; and the other half is capitalist and too busy exploiting and being exploited to care about any kind of 'ethic'. If Mr Harris means, as I must assume he does, that humanism must of necessity be limited (as Christianity is limited) in its application, I fail to see why he makes so much fuss about it. What effect does he expect it to have on the world's leaders who are continually preparing for nuclear war?

The more I hear of it the more I am convinced that 'humanism' is the refuge of those who, unable to accept any religious doctrine or belief, are too insecure to stand alone or too respectable to join the Communists. In any event, it reduces man to the level of a 'social animal' and I should have thought that ordinary cut-throat capitalism was already doing this quite effectively in the West. The Communists still have an ideology that is not completely hollow, and anyone wishing to dispense with religious sanction and yet remain a moral person should join them.

DUNCAN L. AIKEN

Fairfield
Manchester

## INDIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

SIR, – No reader of the NEW STATESMAN will have been able to form any idea of the scope or argument of Mr Bauer's book *US Aid and Indian Economic Development* from Dr Balogh's 'review' in your issue of 12 March. Most of the review is irrelevant, and where reference is made to the book, the argument is generally inverted.

I would challenge your reviewer to find anything in the book to support his statements that (i) the book's thesis is 'that safeguards must be demanded to protect big business in India'; (ii) Mr Bauer convicts Mr Nehru of 'dragooning business' or 'promoting revolution'; or (iii) Mr Bauer advocates extreme *laisser-faire*. On this last and crucial point the author explicitly says that 'there can be no material advance in India without far reaching and effective government action over a vast range' (p.114). Your reviewer has evidently carelessly overlooked Mr Bauer's warning that: 'Criticism of Indian economic planning and of the ideas behind it should not be mistaken for a plea of *laisser-faire*, for governmental inactivity in economic and social life.' (p.115).

There is, incidentally, no reference in the book to Levantine or Parsee millionaires, and your reviewer's ironical references here to the author's 'poor underdogs' appear to be gratuitous.

Dr Balogh implies that Mr Bauer is unaware of the shortage of food in India. In fact this problem forms a major theme of the book, which argues that the neglect of agriculture in current policies can only aggravate the food crisis.

Your reviewer asserts that Mr Bauer quotes Indian economists wholly out of context. In fact, at least six pages are devoted to lengthy extracts which, as the author says, 'are quoted at great length both to forestall suggestions that individual passages are quoted out of context, and also to convey the flavour of the memoranda' (p.82).

What is one to make of the remark that the book's conclusions are arrived at without a vestige of serious economic analysis, since the book is almost entirely taken up with just that? It is noticeable, but not surprising, that Dr Balogh does not himself put forward any economic analysis, preferring the simpler alternative of making observations on world politics of the utmost generality.

JOHN B. WOOD

2 Cheyne Row
SW3

[Dr Balogh writes: Mr Wood knows very well that no editor can grant a contributor space to track down the sense in Mr Bauer's argument, couched as it is in diffuse innuendo. He can find the quotations he seeks as follows: the first on pages 97, 105, 107-109; the second on pages 54, 75, 79; as to the third, Mr Bauer certainly advocates government intervention in education and tribal customs etc., but in economic matters he believes in extreme *laisser-faire* – pages 64, 96-97. I did not say that Mr Bauer was unaware of the food shortage. I said that his advocacy of desisting from cooperative rural reform and reorganisation (pages 57-59, 60-61, 63-64) would bring on famine. The 'lengthy extracts' from Indian economists consist of up to ten lines apiece from learned memoranda or booklets, with Mr Bauer's own flavour: Professors Ganguli and Raj are especially distorted. As to serious economic analysis, in a booklet of 116 pages devoted to the three Indian plans, none of these plans is summarised in a table. Nor are there coherent statistics of the interrelation between investment income and the balance of payments. In fact there is not a single statistical table in the book. The selective verbal description of the plans is on a number of vital points highly misleading (especially pages 40-45). – Ed. NS.]

## POLITICAL VIRTUE

SIR, – Your Parliamentary correspondent, J. P. W. Mallalieu, seeks to blame Gaitskell for 'much of the apathy and indecision which the Opposition has shown in the House since the election'.

Some of your readers may not be aware that Mr Mallalieu is himself a member of the Opposition. Is he explaining his own performance in parliament? Since the election he has spoken once and asked five questions. This is an improvement on his activity in the years prior to the election; for in the session from October 1958 to September 1959 he contributed twice to our debates, a total speaking time of 16 minutes. His attendance at a standing committee was twice out of a possible ten times.

Some while ago Mr Mallalieu wrote a similar article attacking his colleagues, and was severely rebuked by the leader (Mr Attlee). His stone-throwing now would be more effective if he were not living in a glasshouse himself.

GEORGE JEGER

House of Commons

[J. P. W. Mallalieu writes: Except that I have tried to win and to hold the constituency which first adopted me, even when the odds were on defeat, I do not pretend to be as politically virtuous as Mr George Jeger, but I doubt whether parliamentary colleagues who are less subservient to established authority than Mr Jeger will think this relevant when they consider my right to raise, without malice, an issue which is gravely disturbing so many of us in the party. – Ed. NS.]

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

SIR, – I really must take Mr Adkins to task when he calls our National Anthem 'a gem in musical form – whoever composed it' (NS, 26 March). Does he not know that it is extremely bad musical form, always avoided by all but the most banal of hymn tunes, to have a full close in the tonic key half way through? This is what happens after line three of the text, and is why everyone dashes for the exit too early, and why truncated versions are possible in some theatres.

BARRIE HALL

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*REASSESSMENT*

# The Relevance of Thorstein Veblen

## By DAVID RIESMAN and STAUGHTON LYND

*(David Riesman, author of* The Lonely Crowd, *is Professor of Social Relations at Harvard; Staughton Lynd worked with him on his book* Thorstein Veblen)

*THE Theory of the Leisure Class,* published in 1899, was the only one of Veblen's books to reach a substantial audience at the time it appeared. The 'captains of industry' Veblen aimed at – the Jay Goulds, Andrew Carnegies and J. P. Morgans who had rocketed into wealth and power since the Civil War – were causing widespread apprehension, not only among the impoverished wheat and cotton farmers who flocked to the Populist Party, but also to the solid business and professional men who led the Progressive Movement. To compare them, as Veblen did, with the feudal lords of the Middle Ages, may seem bizarre to us at first. But it was no exaggeration to view as robber barons the speculators who 'under cover of night and cloud' (as Veblen so often said) made and unmade prosperity by stock manipulation; or to see in the more bona fide industrialists, who sneered 'The public be damned!' and 'Ain't I got the power?', a threat to democratic government. By their own tastes, moreover, the *nouveaux riches* invited comparison with feudalism. They built castles; laid out towns for their own kind (like Tuxedo Park near New York City, which imported a village of Slavic workers to make its roads and a village of Italian workers to tend its lawns); bought paintings and founded the Daughters of the American Revolution; discovered family coats-of-arms and read Walter Scott. No wonder that others beside Veblen spoke of a 'new feudalism', and that the first illustrator of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* put the faces of contemporary businessmen and politicians on Twain's armoured knights.

Thus, *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* although it concealed its passion with scientific detachment, expressed what the historian Richard Hofstadter has called 'the folklore of Populism'. Just as Veblen's deadpan irony has some of the quality of American frontier humour, so his hostility towards 'Eastern' pretentiousness, conventionality, and greed was a new version of the Jeffersonian mystique. More optimistic than Jefferson about the social effects of industrialism, Veblen none the less shared the belief that small-scale rural life was the kind of society most suited to man. The whole of Veblen's formal economic writing is conditioned by a Physiocratic bias: he saw only fraud and conspiracy when US Steel watered its stock, just as Jefferson saw only class interest in Hamilton's redemption of the public debt at par. And so when Veblen, in *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* treats capitalism as a continuation of feudal predation, he is carrying on the tradition which contrasted republican agrarianism with 'European' and with 'monarchical' institutions of every kind.

Veblen, like Mark Twain, rediscovered the Jeffersonian ethos with a freshness which found expression in a new rhetoric. The two men explored opposite extremes of language to vent their common opposition to America's 'Gilded Age' (a phrase coined by Twain). In *Huckleberry Finn* we see the shysters of the time – who, be it remembered, call themselves Duke and King – through the eyes of the small son of the village drunk. In *The Theory of the Leisure Class* the manner is prolix and polysyllabic, rather than colloquial: a style which Twain himself referred to (in the preface to *Innocents Abroad*) as 'that gravity, that profundity, and that impressive incomprehensibility which is so proper to works of that kind, and withal so attractive'.

Today, Mark Twain is read largely by children who miss his bitterness, and *The Theory of the Leisure Class* is read largely by college students who take the book for granted and find it dull: they are already sophisticated in the ways of under-consumption to which the book helped give rise. Veblen has had a hand in shaping the social climate in which these young people grow up in a number of ways. Implicit in his first volume was the contempt for advertising and mass culture which blossomed in his last book, *Absentee Ownership,* where he spoke of advertising as 'creative psychiatry' and the state of American culture as *'dementia præcox'*. Many radicals have enjoyed the satire of *The Theory of the Leisure Class* without asking what place there might be in Veblen's Utopia of industrious and peaceable men for the fine arts and the amenities.

During the years of the Great Depression, a sectarian movement, the Technocrats, took Veblen as its prophet, preaching a society scientifically run by engineers who would control production and distribution in the interests of the common life. In the same years men close to Roosevelt, such as Rexford Tugwell and Jerome Frank, and economic polemicists like Walton Hamilton and Stuart Chase, fell under the spell of Veblen's thought and (usually with lamentable consequences) his literary style.

But what is remarkable is that Veblen has found no place in the mainstream of socialist thought, in America or abroad. For the key themes of *The Theory of the Leisure Class* were first presented by Veblen in the context of socialist theory, as an attempt to deal with the failure of Marx's prediction of increasing material misery among the industrial proletariat. In one of his earliest essays, 'Some Neglected Points in the Theory of Socialism' (1891), Veblen forcefully advanced the thesis of relative deprivation and in *this* connection introduced the conception (though not yet the term) of conspicuous consumption:

> The existing system does not make, and does not tend to make, the industrious poor poorer, as measured absolutely in terms of livelihood; but it does tend to make them relatively poorer, in their own eyes, as measured in terms of comparative economic importance, and, curious as it may seem at first sight, this is what seems to count.

Veblen saw that the increase of well-being among industrial workers has led to their bourgeoisification through their leisure-time activities. He saw that the leisure class in modern Western societies extends almost to the very bottom, including all those who 'keep up appearances'. Yet, he argues in this early work, the motive of envy among working men may be strong enough to bring on a socialist transformation.

In *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* this notion of defeating the devil by his own devices no longer satisfies Veblen. He has begun to develop his most original conception: that the psychological discipline of factory work will train men to think matter-of-factly rather than subjectively, to place emulation and aggression second to the impersonal needs of the communal technology. In this hope were fused many other Veblenian motifs, and in particular his contention that work was not (as the 'received economics' postulated) naturally distasteful to man. Veblen was greatly influenced by the stress John Dewey and William James were just then placing on the active, unfolding aspect of human nature, and gave to one of his books the title *The Instinct of Workmanship.*

The opaque discipline of modern machine-tending, Veblen is beginning to argue in *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* can act as a solvent on institutions grounded in animistic and self-centred thinking. The impact of the machine Veblen conceived to be largely negative: its effect on the working-man's thought would be toward nihilism. 'There is little indication of a constructive movement,' he wrote in *The Theory of Business Enterprise,*

> toward any specific arrangement to take the place of the institution whose existence is threatened. There is a loosening of the bonds, a weakening of conviction as to the full truth and beauty of the received domestic institutions, without much of a consensus as to what is to be done about it, if anything. In this, as at other junctures of a similar kind, the mechanically employed classes, trained to matter-of-fact habits of thought, show a notable lack of spontaneity in the construction of new myths or conventions, as well as in the reconstruction of the old.

But Veblen – and this brings us to the centre of his thought – was not dismayed, as for example Tocqueville or Durkheim were dismayed, by the attrition of the existing cultural consensus, because he had faith in the a-cultural or biological man who would thereby be set free.

*The Theory of the Leisure Class.* By THORSTEIN VEBLEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 18*s.* *Muller* (paperback) 4*s.*

In the introduction to *The Theory of the Leisure Class* and in the chapter on 'The Conservation of Archaic Traits', Veblen gives us his revised picture of man in the state of nature. This was the peaceful, primitive Ur-society which he thought he found in such contemporary groups as the Eskimo and the Pueblo Indians, in the pre-Christian Scandinavia of the Icelandic sagas, and throughout the folklore and archaeological remains of earliest man.

> They are small groups and of a simple (archaic) structure; they are commonly peaceful and sedentary; they are poor; and individual ownership is not a dominant feature of their economic systems . . . The most notable trait common to members of such communities is a certain amiable inefficiency when confronted with force or fraud.

Enormously influenced by Darwinism, Veblen saw this putative Golden Age as the social environment in which the generic traits of human nature had been biologically selected and fixed. Thus he thought he had a scientific basis for hope: that the *mélange* of predatory institutions brought in by nomadic barbarians, and in the ascendant since, were a cultural crust which could be scraped away, leaving man as he was biologically meant to be, a creature willing to live and let live.

This core conception of *The Theory of the Leisure Class* has serious flaws. Veblen was aware of some of them. He knew that the archaic communal life to which, in his view, man was by nature suited, was small-scale and local, while the modern industrial discipline is far-flung and expansive. In a note to *Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution*, he observed that the 'small scale, half anarchistic, neighbourhood plan of society would be enforceable only within such territorial bounds as would be covered by the habitual range of neighbourly contact', but,

> In the course of time, though it appears to have occupied several thousand years of slow but scarcely broken advance, their excessive efficiency in the mechanic arts pushed the North-European peoples out of that state of culture answering to their natural bent. And ever since they so passed the technological limit of tolerance of that archaic scheme of use and wont they have been restlessly casting back for some workable compromise that would permit their ideal of 'local self-government' by neighbourly common sense to live somehow in the shadow of the large-scale coercive rule that killed it.

In the same book Veblen described how a pre-industrial society like Germany could appropriate the industrial arts and, far from being transformed by them, use them for its pre-existing, that is barbarian, purposes. He did not seem to see that a man conditioned by the cumulative fakery of the leisure-class world, where all was personalised and distorted, might be impervious to the cause-and-effect logic underlying the machine technology; and simply use his factory job as a source of the wherewithal to sustain an emulative life. Nor did he quite appreciate how factory work confines the purposeful bent which can make labour a delight, how, in contrast to all that James and Dewey taught, it permits the emotional engagement of only a fraction of the self.

What is the relevance of Veblen today? His social science was in large part a gloss on then-current agrarian attitudes; and, where it broke new ground, as in his concept of the discipline of factory work, it leaves many questions unasked.

What is the relevance of Veblen today? trine. Veblen's legacy is the bleak and pungent quality of his belief that the social atmosphere of modern capitalism is in every way hostile to a peaceful, co-operative life. As an immigrant's son (he could not speak fluent English till well on in college) as well as a radical, Veblen was doubly alienated from his society. His detachment, both from the powers-that-be and the reform movements, made possible a tough-fibred commitment to fundamental things. Like William Morris or Keir Hardie in England, his memory has the power to recall radicals to their more basic tasks.

Increasingly in his later writings, Veblen turned his fire on war, that quintessence of the predatory scheme of institutions, and on the 'national establishment'. As early as 1904, in *The Theory of Business Enterprise*, he spoke of war preparations as the cardinal form of that systematic waste required to keep the economy afloat. In the same decade he remarked the imperialist inclinations of German Social Democracy. When the war came, Veblen made a trenchant plea, in *The Nature of Peace*, for a peace


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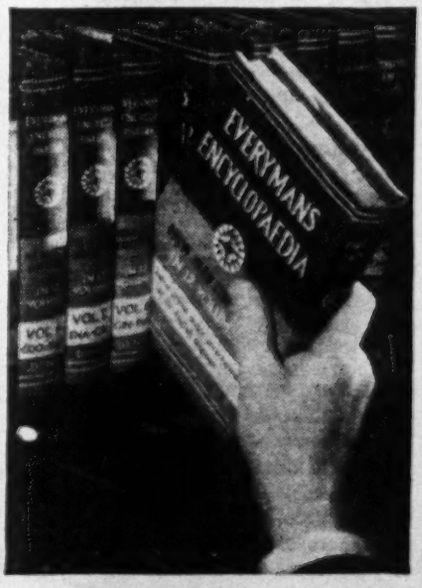


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based on colonial freedom and free trade; in the same work is this typical passage:

> The analogy of the clam may not be convincing, but it may at least serve to suggest what may be the share played by habituation in the matter of national attachment. The young clam, after having passed the free-swimming phase of his life, as well as the period of attachment to the person of a carp or similar fish, drops to the bottom and attaches himself loosely in the place and station in life to which he has been led; and he loyally sticks to his particular patch of ooze and sand through good fortune and evil. It is, under Providence, something of a fortuitous matter where the given clam shall find a resting place for the sole of his foot, but it is also, after all, 'his own, his native land', etc.

Whatever transpires in the next years, whichever of the possibilities for life and death under industrialism come to fruition, Veblen is among that small band of nineteenth-century thinkers who would not be taken by great surprise. Coupled with his buried hope for the restoration of peaceable archaic traits in an industrial setting, he had a radical pessimism about the human enterprise more often found in the Christian tradition. As he wrote:

> History records more frequent and more spectacular instances of the triumph of imbecile institutions over life and culture than of peoples who have, by force of instinctive insight, saved themselves alive out of a desperately precarious institutional situation, such, for instance, as now faces the peoples of Christendom.

'It is not improper to invoke the great name of Tchekov'
JOHN DAVENPORT

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## What Might be the First Night of Autumn

As the squirrel can tell that winter nears,
and age,
Trundling some few last ever heavier nuts.
The heavy blind, which holds the night back,
holds my gaze.
Big unlikely painted blooms! Big painted
memories!
Does coldness draw you into an ever
narrower room,
shorter lines and a recurrent rhyme?
Other tight fixes, of another kind, still lie in
store.
So much is free still. Verse, to wit. That
element
never, for you, stabled in isolation.
We're compounds. Shoulder to shoulder. Fist
to eye.
As the squirrel rubs his head. As I draw back
the blind
- not easy to tell these seasons apart -
The painted flowers are gone. Instead, neon
and some stars.

D. J. ENRIGHT

## He Knew He Was Right

**Salvation, 1944-46.** By GENERAL DE GAULLE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*

This last volume of de Gaulle's war memoirs must be rated a disappointment. Like its predecessors, it suffers in translation, its lapidary phrases degenerating into new and awkward clichés (what, for instance, are we to make of: 'I listened, but only to hear the scuffles of their circumspection'?). But, in addition, it is less a record of events than a highly personalised historical thesis devoted to the fallibility of ordinary mortals and the death and transfiguration of an idea. During his self-imposed exile in Champagne, de Gaulle walked round his 'little property' some 'fifteen thousand times', studying the

> wide, mournful horizons; melancholy woods and meadows; the frieze of resigned old mountains. . . As age triumphs, nature comes closer to me. Each year, in the four seasons which are like so many lessons, I find consolation in her wisdom.

It was during these perpetual, introspective walks that the book took shape, and was hammered to perfection by the interior dialectic of a romantic Gulliver beaten by pygmies. Its story - of how de Gaulle's attempt to prolong the momentary illusion of national grandeur and unity into the permanency of the post-war era failed through the lack of faith of professional politicians - has superb symmetry and polish. But it is not history.

Moreover, the book is suspect in another respect. The neat way in which its narrative, like the Old Testament, hints at the theme of a Second Coming - a theme made explicit in the magisterial analogy with the seasonal renewal of nature in the final chapter suggests that de Gaulle has done some considerable re-writing since he returned to power. Indeed, it is characteristic of the General that, not content with his role of Saviour, he should aspire to be his own St John the Baptist and Evangelist as well.

Despite this, many will acclaim this book as a devastating analysis of France's ills, spectacularly confirmed by events: they will feel that here is one of those rare and satisfying occasions in history in which the man who was right lived not only to be proved so, but also to inherit his kingdom of righteousness. They would be wrong on all counts. De Gaulle saw the debacle of 1940 as proof that the Third Republic was unwilling to rise to its national responsibilities, through a lack of inner conviction in its mission. It was, in fact, the reverse. American isolation and British inertia had, between the wars, thrust on France international duties far beyond her powers; 1940 was a measure not of her unwillingness, but of her inability, to discharge them. Misled by his initial diagnosis, de Gaulle proceeded, during the period covered by this volume, to retrieve France's burdens and once more to thrust them on to her unwilling shoulders. The politicians obsession with France's internal welfare, which de Gaulle here castigates as a functional inability to match her historic role, was in fact an accurate reflection of the wishes and means of the nation. This, though he cannot see it, was the obvious reason why his experiment ended in failure.

The tragedy for France - though not for the General - was that he succeeded as far he did. In this book, he shows how, with the exception of the Levant, he secured for France all her pre-war possessions; obtained large and jealously extended Occupation responsibilities in Germany, and - after immense effort - a prominent and costly place on the international stage. In consequence, he set for the politicians and the regime a series of problems which neither they nor it could possibly solve. Had France emerged in 1945 with only her metropolitan territories, and had she meekly accepted the allied *Diktat* to contract out of the great power game, there can be little doubt that the Fourth Republic would still be flourishing, and that France would now be a stable democracy. Instead, de Gaulle's *politique de grandeur* plunged her, inevitably, into two disastrous colonial wars (had he succeeded in the Levant also, there would have been three). It was these, and not the system, which led to 1958 - a secular repetition of the military collapse of 1940. De Gaulle was thus recalled to remedy a crisis of his own creation. Is there any reason, in logic, to suppose that he will solve it? None whatsoever; but this lean and unreasonable man has, as his memoirs testify, a disconcerting habit of bending logic to suit the trajectory of his own destiny.

PAUL JOHNSON

## La Condition Malraux

**Malraux.** By GEOFFREY H. HARTMAN. *Bowes & Bowes.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In France, at least, Malraux, while still very much alive, seems to be in the slough of discredit that famous writers usually fall into some time after death. Admittedly, the milk of human kindness is not one of the many liquids that flow freely in Paris, but there is something exceptional in the number of slighting references to him one hears in conversation. The younger critics complain that his novels are journalistic; the younger art specialists (and some of the older ones, too) do not take his aesthetic theories very seriously. According to the gossips, even General de Gaulle is ironical about him; one of the stories is that when a minister at a Cabinet meeting queried the awarding of the Grand' Croix of the Legion of Honour to Mauriac,

the General squashed discussion by saying, 'Mauriac is the greatest living French writer' and then, catching sight of Malraux, added with a smile, 'amongst others.' And objectively, it does seem strange that a writer with a world reputation should become a Gaullist politician, and a secondary or marginal one at that. Malraux is clearly a much more talented and extraordinary man than Mauriac, yet even on the level of Gaullist politics, Mauriac is more effective.

Mr Hartman, in his short monograph, is not troubled by doubts of this kind. His aim is to sum up concisely the achievements of a great modern genius, 'a universal man'. From Malraux's early activities as an archaeologist to his present post as Minister for Culture, through the Chinese revolt, the Spanish Civil War, the struggle against Nazism and the Resistance Movement, the curve of development is, he says, quite logical. Malraux has always believed that politics should serve culture rather than culture politics. His fundamental obsession is with the conquest of time, whether he hastens to translate political crises into novel form or argues at length that art creates an eternal present of its own, distinct from the world of reality. At least, this is what I understand from Mr Hartman's conclusion which, like the rest of his book, is written in rather puzzling English:

> That speed of translating political events into art, which reappears in the thematic texture of his work as the too quickness [*sic*] of death or fate or simply of the world to the senses, shows a mind haunted by the problem of overcoming time within time. His mode of structural repetition, which suggests a sublime if monotonous eternal recurrence, the rapid replacement of one fatality by another and the complex idea of Man's conspiracy with his fate point to the secret essence of *fiction*, a realm in which Man becomes the giver of the given. Art reveals his powers to antedate experience, a flame which the moth creates for itself, the cause of its death but also the substance of its life.

If I have followed this, it means that Malraux's doctrine is 'life for art's sake', which is only one remove from 'art for art's sake'. Mr Hartman seems to admit this when he points out in an earlier section that Malraux, in his political novels, is not so much interested in the issues at stake as in the way those issues bring his heroes to the point of death. In other words, Malraux is not vitally concerned with political ends; he is not the sort of activist who postulates an ultimately good world and strives towards it. He looks for, and courts with great personal bravery, critical situations in which man is crushed by fate, because these extreme situations trigger off his impulse to write and allow him to escape from time into the pseudo-eternity of language. To put it crudely, he feels himself most alive when he is nearest to death, and he risks death in order to achieve artistic life.

Mr Hartman would probably not follow me to this point, because to phrase the matter in this way is to query the value of Malraux's basic tendency. This tendency links up with his presentation of T. E. Lawrence as an exemplary twentieth-century man, a disquieting preference since Lawrence was so obviously warped as well as gifted. It also accounts for a certain theatricality in his writing. When I re-read *La Condition humaine* now, I feel in it a slightly misplaced nervous vibration, which the younger generation can be excused for calling 'journalistic'. It is Malraux's best book, not because it is a good novel (the characterisation is very perfunctory), but because it contains several brilliant descriptions and provides the most complete spectrum of his personality. And I cannot agree with Mr Hartman when he sees this personality as being logically coherent. For me, it breaks up into at least four main elements, symbolised by the so-called 'characters': assertion of the self against the world in the form of revolutionary action (Kyo, Tcheng, etc.); the intelligent exercise of power for its own sake (Ferral); lyrical renunciation under the influence of opium (Gisors); the putting of ultimate value in art (Clappique). All the characters are defeated, because Malraux's favourite emotion might be described as heroic masochism, but this is the only sense in which they fuse into one. In real life, Malraux has not achieved a permanent fusion. The recent Malraux, the Gaullist-aesthetician, seems to be Ferral-Clappique. For some time now, the revolutionary who measures himself against other men and against fate, has been in abeyance.

It is easy to see why Malraux should be so isolated politically. He has always engaged in politics, yet it can be sensed that he does not believe wholeheartedly in political ends; and to people with real convictions this must seem a frivolous, literary attitude. They might overlook it if he were a very efficient man of action, but he is generally accused of being a brave, intelligent muddler. De Gaulle himself probably considers Malraux as a feather in his cap rather than a weapon in his hand. It is not so easy to see what his true literary level is. Unlike Mr Hartman, I have an uneasy feeling that the personal, neurotic quality of his books may become more obvious with


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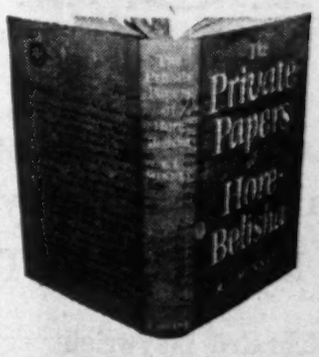


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# SUNDAY TIMES

the years and that, as some wit has said, *La Condition humaine* may prove to be *la condition Malraux*. Strangely enough, what I now find lacking in his political novels is a dense, detailed, political content that would make the reality of the Thirties present for all time. What he gives us is his temperament against a background of local colour. It would perhaps have been a greater achievement to give us the background as seen through the temperament.

J. G. WEIGHTMAN

## Africa South and East

**Drawn in Colour.** By NONI JABAVU. *Murray.* 18*s.*

**The Tokolosh.** By RONALD SEGAL. *Sheed & Ward.* 6*s.*

Noni Jabavu, Xhosa by birth, daughter of a distinguished scholar, comes from a well-known South African family which has for several generations been adapted to European ways without losing its African virtues. She herself, educated in England and married to an Englishman, returned to her old home to join in family mourning for her brother, killed by gangsters. She touches in affectionate and lifelike portraits of her father, kinsfolk, and friends both black and white. Above all, she brings out the tenacity and the graces of Xhosa clannishness:

> I thought how with my people, you are not often left to be merely your private self; you represent others, or others represent you, so that you are ever conscious of relative status, classification, interdependent relationships.

A sense of family obligation and her good heart led Miss Jabavu not to return at once to her husband and daughter in Europe, but to visit her sister in Uganda. 'You two girls are blessed on earth,' her uncle had remarked: Noni, as the wife of an Englishman, was 'at the fountain of all the ideals that we Southerners struggle for – discipline of mind and action, decency, riches, refinements'; her sister, married to a Ugandan, was at another 'fountain of all desirable and elevated things.'

In the second half of her book Miss Jabavu explains frankly that she did not find life in Uganda either desirable or elevated, or anything like as civilised as that of her Xhosa homeland. A want of civic sense, even of elementary care for diet, housing, hygiene, and social propriety, offended her instincts, habits, humanity, and understanding. Even among Ugandans of position she found unprogressiveness, apathy, extravagance, selfishness, and squalor. And from the 'mentally pulverising' setting of this supposed fountain of civilisation her sister had to be rescued. Her book gives an uncommon view of African contacts and contrasts. It is a warm, lively, humane woman's expression of her attachment to South Africa, where all good persons and things have not yet been knocked out by oppression, and of her disillusionment in East Africa.

The courageous editor of *Africa South* has written a fanciful little fairy-tale of the utmost topicality. Ronald Segal's Tokolosh does not much resemble the Bantu sprite from which he has taken its name, but is a sort of benevolent, mocking Robin Goodfellow who helps the black people to help themselves. 'In a moment of pain and anger that can no longer be borne, who can say what it is that the black people will do?" Mr Segal can, perhaps. He seems to have foreseen the burning of passes, the beginnings of passive or active resistance, and the shooting down of black demonstrators by white, Afrikaans police. The Tokolosh turns out to be no goblin but a symbol of the ability of black South Africans to unite, to protest, and to laugh at the self-deluding white oppressors, one of whom says of the Africans: 'They have found out at last the strength that is in their hands.' As a satire Mr Segal's fable is not strong and might be called sentimental, but its message could hardly be truer.

WILLIAM PLOMER

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## True and False Feeling

**Lupercal.** By TED HUGHES. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Gravel Ponds.** By PETER LEVI SJ. *Deutsch.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

**The Guinness Book of Poetry No. 3.** *Putnam.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Ted Hughes's *Lupercal* is better than *The Hawk in the Rain*, which was a superb first book. With energy and confidence. Hughes has extended the subject-matter which his habitual turbulence of language can control. He is now the master of his metaphors and not their servant. His drive, his power and his gusto particularly delight me here. The objection has been made that many of these poems are obscure. (It is unfashionable to admire any poet more difficult than John Betjeman.) It is true that Hughes is elliptic and eccentric in some of his connectives – both grammatical and rational – but I find the gesture of this particular obscurity attractive: it is a delight in moving strong words together, which is impatient of neatness.

The fault which I find is an occasional conventionality of thought: 'Of Cats' might have been written to decorate a calendar; 'Witches' depends upon an appeal to cheap literary anti-science: 'Did they dream it? Oh, our science says they did.' But most of these poems are truly felt, which is to say that they cannot be conventional. They have a density of texture – not decorative but functional; the texture gives the quality of the feeling – as efficient as Robert Lowell's *Lord Weary's Castle*. 'November' has these lines on rain:

> In a moment
> The fields were jumping and smoking; the thorns
> Quivered, riddled with the glassy verticals –

and there are more like them in *Lupercal*.

Peter Levi has written in *The Gravel Ponds* a mixture of seriously good and seriously bad poems. The good ones depend on exactness of feeling; and the bad ones are bad because the feeling does not ring true. Poets who are mainly emotional, who depend not on the graces of form nor the compulsions of argument, rely on an *instinctive* verification of their own feelings. When their instinct fails – or when they fail their instinct – they fake. 'Sincerity' is a technical term; when a man uses clichés, hollow literary rhetoric, and confused metaphor, we doubt the authenticity of his feelings: a verbal chicanery evades the reality of his emotions. One of the few benefits of a training in technique is that it gives the poet another weapon against self-deceit.

Levi is good, as in the title poem, when his *cri* seems correctly adjusted to his *cœur*. And there are other poems and parts of poems which are exact in their feeling and memorable in their expression. I dwell on the failures because they could so easily be mortal. In the rhetorical 'the terrible rain'; in the falsely simplistic 'He was a small, delightful, active man,/I was glad it was on Good Friday he died'; in the hollow 'For Robert Frost' and the specious 'When Poisoned Socrates', there is a streak of the kind of phoneyness which can become wildly popular. It will be a good thing for poetry, as well as for the author, if Peter Levi acquires that self-torturing concentration which must expel the fraudulent.

*The Guinness Book of Poetry* appears to have been uncommonly well edited. It is a measure of our age that seventy-odd different poets can (mostly) write at least one readable poem in a year. In most decades, I suspect that an anthology on these principles would have been filled with trash. But, then, it might have contained 'Among School Children'.

DONALD HALL

## D-Day in Depth

**The Longest Day.** By CORNELIUS RYAN. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

D-Day, 6 June 1944, shares a special quality with Nelson's funeral, the Golden Jubilee, and a small number of other events in history. It was a triumph of human organisation and a climax of human emotion which could under no circumstances ever be repeated again. Five thousand ships, supported by nine thousand aircraft, carried some six divisions and a weird variety of special equipment across the Channel to assault a coastline that the Germans had been fortifying for three years, reached it, breached it, and established the toe-hold that gradually expanded until Hitler's Europe dwindled to the size of a bunker in Berlin. Not only was it the greatest combined operation in history but the achievement died as it flowered, for within a year the

development of the atom bomb obliterated the possibility of ever deploying an armada of this size again. D-Day is, therefore, more than a great epic, it is a historical curiosity. Mr Ryan has chosen one of the most interesting days in the world's history for his theme.

Nevertheless, I confess to a certain allergy where popular accounts of the second world war are concerned. Since it ended, war has not only become too serious a matter for generals, but too serious to allow one's blood to be warmed by all but the most judicious recollections of the excitement and heroism it invoked. But I must also confess that within five minutes of opening this book my prejudices were in disarray. For this is not popular battle history in the ordinary sense, but one of the most brilliant pieces of reconstruction and detective work ever applied to 'old unhappy far off things and battles long ago'. Mr Ryan has spent some three years in interviewing hundreds of D-Day survivors from both sides - British, American, French, Canadian, German; generals, junior officers, privates, members of the underground, pilots, submariners, spies. He has wormed out of them their recollections of what they saw, thought, feared or said, at each moment of the battle, and has set these recollections against the official narratives. The result is an account which has a sense of colour and depth normally lacking from battle-pieces and which is on a much bigger canvas than any individual could have surveyed.

The narrative weaves back and forth between the hectic cumbrous preparations in England and the still, tense air at the various German headquarters in France. Rommel departs to see his wife in Germany, most of his divisional commanders go off on exercise in Brittany, just as the airborne troops are climbing into their planes. The fortunes of the airborne forces that were dropped in the night of 5 June is particularly graphic, for one sees the confusion, the mishaps, the dangers through the eyes of individual paratroopers and resistance leaders - the British officers rallying their units with hunting horns, Americans working individually with a child's finger-snapper as recognition signal.

The reader learns of the approach of the invasion forces through the eyes of the German defenders, then switches to the desperately sea-sick Allied assault platoons closing in upon the beaches. He knows, as the troops could not, that the bombing has gone wrong and knows the grim welcome that awaits the Americans on Omaha and the British on Sword Beach. A medical orderly remembers 'a terrible politeness among the more seriously injured'. As the third wave of the assault becomes hopelessly pinned down by fire on Omaha, a tank sergeant comes across a man 'throwing stones into the water and softly crying as if his heart would break'. On the far left Lovat takes his commandos ashore to the sound of 'Blue Bonnets', and at the other end on Utah beach the deeply loved General Teddy Roosevelt marshals his division with a walking-stick. Eisenhower tears up the communiqué announcing that the invasion has failed; Hitler sleeps, no one daring to wake him, till the late morning and insists that this is merely a diversionary attack. And so 'the longest day' - the phrase is Rommel's - draws to its close.

Though Mr Ryan's style sometimes verges on the corny, he does not romanticise the horror of a modern battle: he has pitched his narrative at the participant's eye-level of confusion, muddle, agony and achievement.

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

# Playing Possum

**The Invisible Poet: T. S. Eliot.** By HUGH KENNER. *W. H. Allen.* 30*s.*

> Critics, as 'barking dogs', . . . are of two sorts: those who merely relieve themselves against the flower of beauty, and those, less continent, who afterwards scratch it up.

That is Empson distinguishing between the old-style appreciators and the new analysts. In *The Invisible Poet: T. S. Eliot*, however, Hugh Kenner contrives to have it both ways: he is an analytic appreciator and his book is a long, loving Guide to Eliot's Kulchur. Part of it is straight synoptic commentary, relating the verse to the prose, the single poem to the total *œuvre*, showing, for example, how the structure of the *Quartets* exactly parallels that of *The Waste Land*, or, brilliantly, the degree to which Bradley's philosophy permeates the poetry of the most distinguished researcher who ever squeezed out a Ph.D thesis. Another part is straight explication, done in a surprisingly lively manner, of Eliot's obscurities and allusions, with suitable acknowledgments to the authoritative Grover Smith. Part again is a patient, rather plodding analysis of the technique by which Eliot achieves his effects, the interaction of rhythms, rhymes and word on word. All this makes for a useful, illuminating and thorough critical run-through of Eliot's work, a good deal sharper than the legion of similar books, if not generically different from them.

Kenner, however, has both a central idea and a stance. The idea is in his title: that Eliot, by temperament and design, is an elaborately anonymous poet. He is always playing Old Possum, donning the impersonality of mask after mask by an effort of bewildering technical skill; and he is, after all, the greatest verse technician since Pope. What emerges from behind each of these masks - the Jamesian Harvard dandy, Prufrock, Gerontion, Tiresias, the Magus, the *TLS* reviewer, Becket, the publisher, the elder statesman and pamphleteer for the Tories - is not an individual, with quirks, fallibilities and discomforts, but a Voice produced, precisely and selflessly, for certain effects on certain occasions. Thus Kenner explains the purity and unceasing control of Eliot's best work, its odd self-enclosure and the niceties, at less demanding moments, of his dead-pan wit:

> His disavowal of having himself on any occasion done a girl in (at least up to May, 1933) is a matter of public record. It was made before an audience of Vassar students, after a performance of *Sweeney Agonistes*, in response to a question. He stated that he was not the type.

Kenner might also have ascribed to this anonymity the present creeping dissatisfaction with Eliot's work.

But he doesn't, because of his stance. He has chosen to play the part of the witty aesthete, a man - or should I call him, Voice - of such super-sophistication, so much at home with every literary inflection, that each hint of another style becomes an elaborate parody. In the light of Kenner's other, less satisfactory books, I can't quite believe this, and in the light of Eliot's achievement, I can't see that it helps. It is one thing to note the ironies of Eliot's dandyism; it is quite another to nudge mischievous Old Possum in the ribs in the middle of his most serious and fruitful work. If the essays on Marvell and the Metaphysicals are parodies of 'official British literary discussion', then the New Deal is a piece of fine Republican irony. Generations have been nourished on them without seeing the joke. Parody, in fact, obsesses Kenner: he finds it in 'Burnt Norton's' 'world of perpetual solitude' (is *Practical Cats*, by the same logic, a grave masterpiece?), he has lists of parodies, *summas* of ironies. He can't see the sacred wood for the jokes.

Granted his jaunty wit preserves his explications from over-solemnity and discourages him, if not from purple passages, at least from making too much of his many scholarly discoveries. But the trouble with the modern academic aesthetes is that they are so anxious not to be taken in by ironies that they have no time for the more serious and essential business of judgment. Everything is reduced to nuances of technique. If a poet's most damning sin is to put a metric foot wrong or misjudge a slyness then, ultimately, the body of his achievement becomes not invisible but non-existent.

A. ALVAREZ

# Celtic Midnight

**From Caesar to Arthur.** By GEOFFREY ASHE. *Collins.* 21*s.*

A more informative title for this book might be 'From Constantine III to Aethelfrith.' It covers, in fact, the two obscure centuries between the end of Roman Britain and the major Anglo-Saxon conquest, from roughly 383 AD to roughly 632. This was the age that Macaulay described as 'an age of fable completely separating two ages of truth': but in the words of N. K. Chadwick, quoted in Mr Ashe's prologue. 'It is the formative period which saw the birth of most

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of the languages, the ideals, and the traditions which still today predominate in the greater part of the British Isles.'

The difficulty is, of course, to winnow the fables from whatever may remain of fact; and there is little but fables to go on. Mr Ashe, a former classicist and English scholar, has surveyed existing research, including archaeology as well as literary history, and applied an ingenious mind to the puzzling out of the story. He writes crisply and often vividly: 'Squatters lit cooking fires on the splendid mosaics.' He seems well versed not only in the Latin sources, but also in Celtic literature. And while his subject is rather remote for the general reader, he enlivens it by portraying Pelagius as an early John Bull and by pointing to a parallel between the Arthurian legends and the tall tales of Davy Crockett. But for all this, *From Caesar to Arthur* remains, like its subject, an uneasy amalgam of history and legend, with distinctions blurred, probability strained, and speculation sometimes overleaping even the original fables.

Much of what Mr Ashe tells us, it is true, is supported by professional historians. But few professional historians, I think, have made such extensive use of the no-smoke-without-fire method of argument:

> I do not contend that these stories are literally true. I do contend that they are authentic traditions of unknown date . . . (p.90)
>
> The statement is too improbable to be false. (p.152)
>
> Even fictions presuppose something . . . The Arthurian traces are not footprints in the air. Beyond reasonable doubt they are the traces of one man, real or imaginary, who gripped the Celtic imagination. (p.169)
>
> These stories are legends, yet they are legends which may well have grown round a certain kind of behaviour. (p.182)

Alone, any of the risky arguments might be acceptable, especially if corroborated by other sources. Together, they somewhat weaken Mr Ashe's train of reasoning. For his book is not a simple history of the period, seeking to establish a few cautious facts: it is an attempt to prove a double thesis. Arthur, for Mr Ashe, is no mere figure of mythology, no mere God or demon: he is a real military leader. So much many historians have been willing to concede, suspending judgment about the rest of the legend. Not so Mr Ashe. He is prepared, after two hundred pages of pleading, some of it special pleading, to offer a tentative biography. Arthur, he believes, was a westcountryman born about 475, son of a bilingual minor noble, a Rob Roy-ish figure who eventually became *Comes Britanniarum*, held off the Saxons, defeated them roundly at Mount Badon in 517, was killed in battle in 538, and was buried at Glastonbury by monks. The argument is an exciting one, partly because it is so precarious; but despite the romantic attractions of its conclusion, it doesn't amount to proof.

The same must be said, I think, of Mr Ashe's second thesis. Britain, for him, is evidently something very special, and nationally self-conscious, even in the fourth century: and 'Britons' are sharply contrasted with 'barbarians'. The 'Arthurian Age', in his interpretation, not only rescued some Roman elements, but helped to preserve the island's identity; it not only paved the way for full-scale conversion to Christianity, but also, perhaps (' . . . details which are hard to explain as pure fancy . . . '), discovered America. This, like Mr Ashe's unsupported suggestion that lost writings by Arthur formed a source for Gildas, seems to me to leave even legend agape. In an earlier panegyric on the supposed Arthurian legacy, Mr Ashe asks:

> Is it too fanciful to discern in all this the genesis of the distinctive English political virtues . .? To connect the 'difference' of England for good or ill with the uniqueness of the way in which this particular successor-state arose out of Rome? To seek, in short, for the roots of Constitution and Commonwealth in the Arthurian Fact?

The simple answer is 'Yes'.

RICHARD MAYNE

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## Explosions in the Sky

**X Quarterly Review, 2.** *Barrie & Rockliff.* 6*s.*

One can't say that *X* is an unknown quantity any more: *X*+1 had it in for Commitment in the shape of Mr Christopher Logue; *X*+2 takes on Mr Kingsley Amis, Mr Alvarez, Mr Conquest, Mr G. S. Fraser, New Criticism, Dr I. A. Richards, the *Spectator*, and the *International Literary Annual*. It's the Counter-Revolution. What does *X* equal, though? Mr Martin Gerard conducts a White Terror among the 'decadeers' who got the Forties and the Fifties pigeon-holed into Apocalyptics and Neo-Empsonians; they'll be selling us the voice of the Sixties any day now, he tells us. Mr Gerard may have something there. But what is *X*'s alternative? The White Goddess comes in for a lot of fan-mail, and critics are warned to keep their distance. But if the Muse looks on criticism with such disfavour, should we write *about* poetry at all? 'A poet should be a bit mad,' Mr George Barker tells us; 'poetry is like an explosion in the sky,' adds Miss Stevie Smith. 'It is essential to consider nothing but genius; for anything less is no good,' says Mr Patrick Kavanagh, 'Great men are not concerned with whether or not their work is involved in the ephemeral. Only bad, silly writers are worried over such matters.' Perhaps: but if only genius counts, it takes a bold editor to print his friends and contemporaries. That's why, maybe, *X* leans a bit heavily on the past, and on translated work: a fragment of Pasternak; a piece of Cingria; a satirical epistle of Kokoschka's from Expressionist days. Certainly, the one poetic contribution, a long piece on the *Titanic* by Mr Anthony Cronin seemed, to one decadeer at least, surprisingly Audenesque. Perhaps *X* remains an unknown quantity after all. Her devotees may lash themselves into frenzies, but the White Goddess is not so easily amused: she demands tribute in kind.

JOHN MANDER

## Cross-Channel Traffic

**From Gautier to Eliot: The Influence of France on English Literature, 1851-1939.** By ENID STARKIE. *Hutchinson.* 21*s.*

Donald Hall has lately been reproaching us, in these columns and elsewhere, for our Little Englandism in literature. And he's quite right of course. All the same, I wish he could read Dr Starkie's new book to see what we can be like when we try to be good Europeans. Still more, I wish he could have visited us, not now, when we're ready to kiss his rod apparently, but in one of our moods of really confident insularity. At least in those moods we're able to shout that the Emperor has no clothes on. A few years ago we'd have known what to make of the typography of Apollinaire:

> In one poem, for example, in order to convey the impression of the rain falling straight, he has made the letters look as if they had dripped from his pen, one by one, vertically, on to the page. In another, *La Petite Auto*, they are printed so as to represent a car, complete with body, wheels, and chauffeur.

Or rather we'd have known what to make of Dr Starkie, when she records these fatuities in just the same respectful tone as she gives to Baudelaire's use of *correspondances* or Mallarmé's lack of punctuation. This is just the sort of book which provokes and deserves, and therefore justifies, the barbaric yawp of impudent provincialism.

That isn't what it will get, though; or not in many quarters. For Dr Starkie is a personality, by all accounts a vivid one. I wish some of the vividness came over into her prose. As it is, the inelegance ('it was not merely admiration of Baudelaire which was to be persuaded to English readers') just has to be tolerated, and there's no liveliness to make up for it. We plough on through '*La Musique et les Lettres*, so difficult today when read in print, yet which was claimed to be understood by those who heard it at the time', to 'The Surrealist Movement developed out of *Dada*, which we saw reached Paris in 1917 from Zurich, where it had started with Tristan Tzara after the war.' But perhaps I'm missing the point: elegance isn't in question, this is a work of scholarship. But then, what about Yeats? Nine years ago Thomas Parkinson decided, 'It would seem now that no responsible critic can look on Yeats as a lineal descendant of the French Symbolists', and a year before William York Tyndall had reported from the same front, 'A man who cannot read Mallarmé cannot be affected by

Mallarmé.' But Dr Starkie can still write, 'the greatest poet of Symbolism . . in the English language was certainly W. B. Yeats', and (of *The Wind among the Reeds* and *The Shadowy Waters*) 'these works are the culmination, the full blossoming, of Yeats's Symbolist inspiration'. It's all very puzzling.

In all seriousness, no one suffers in this book so badly as Yeats does, who is meant to be its hero. It's scholarship, I suppose, that speaks in Dr Starkie's preface: 'I do not intend to estimate relative merit - or indeed worth at all.' Something else is speaking when we hear, nonetheless, 'Yet, in his solitude, at the top of his winding stair, and in his lonely tower, he was the greatest, richest, noblest, and most varied poet writing in the English language during the first half of the twentieth century'. Up the Irish! But Yeats has to pay for this accolade: 'As the war ended, the poet in England who best represented the new ideals in poetry was T. S. Eliot, the editor of *The Egoist*. He was far nearer in sympathy to the new age than Yeats, for he was in the centre of the revolutionary group, at a time when Yeats was still gazing at wild swans at Coole'. This, of the poet who had written 'Easter 1916'! For Dr Starkie, scholarship seems to mean, except for these sweeping value-judgments she allows herself, never moving without documentation; and this means talking about what the poets say they have done, not about what they have done in fact. Rather a new barbarism any day than a rehearsal of simplification and tired platitude.

DONALD DAVIE

# New Novels

**The Hooligan.** By RUDOLF NASSAUER. *Owen.* 16*s.*

**The Last Dance of the Season.** By GERD GAISER. Translated by MARGUERITE WALDMAN. *Collins.* 15*s.*

**A Canticle for Leibowitz.** By WALTER MILLER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

**Trustee from the Toolroom.** By NEVIL SHUTE. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

**The Teachers.** By G. W. TARGET. *Duckworth.* 16*s.*

The theme of *The Hooligan* makes the book's indeterminate quality all the more racking. It is a strenuous quasi-Dostoevskyan demi-Kafkaesque attempt to take you right into the soul of Andreas Febler, psychopathic son of a psychopathic town clerk, who joins the Nazis and becomes a willing tormentor in the local concentration camp, justifying his atrocities by a Nietzschean drive to get beyond good and evil and 'create a new beginning.' Mr Nassauer (he is of Jewish parentage and left Germany in 1939 when aged fifteen) has penetrated into the ambivalent aspect of sadism, but he seems at times to be trying almost too hard to understand. The monstrous camp commandant, Kretschmar, is also endowed with consciousness of a redeeming mission:

> At least, sweet boy, at least we shall go down in history . . Though at first they'll be outraged, terribly, terribly outraged . . at what we've done to these stinking beasts. But later, sweet boy - when we become history - they will realise, when they will live in a world paradisial with love, that that love can only exist because we went to the very depths of degradation in order to exhaust man's terrible craving for cruelty.

Even coming from him this doesn't make sense, and though Andreas is portrayed in more depth he too never really convinces you of his existence. The fact is that as characters these persistently active monster-figures are almost uncapturable; the more they are humanised the less credible their actions seem, and vice versa. Although the horrors are objective enough, after a time the mood becomes increasingly Kafkaesque, fantastic, almost allegorical. This is particularly marked during the last part, outside the camp, when Andreas does a mysterious semi-Christlike act impersonating a demented woman's missing husband; he is then tried for the murder of Kapp, another Nazi who begs him to kill him. Finally he commits suicide, getting into his own coffin and pulling the lid down on himself. The trouble is that in the case of the camps reality is itself so nightmarish that you react away from any attempt to imagine it as other than it was; you want more facts and documentation and less fantasy. Mr Nassauer has set himself too difficult an exercise. However there is no doubt about his talent. His writing is eloquent, polished, a little formal, perhaps a bit like a good translation.

Life in post-war Germany, after the AMGOT period anyway, seems in this country to be curiously under-described, and hard to picture. *The Last Dance of the Season* is promising at first, though it soon becomes rather foggy. It is an episodic study of a town called Neu-Spuhl as seen through the eyes of various characters, a schoolmaster, a crippled girl, a seamstress. The accent is on soulless prosperity; everybody is busy keeping up with the 'affluent society'. There are some flashbacks to the war, among them a brief vivid reminiscence of Stalingrad. Each character is supplied with a subjective undertone or Voice which has a rather muffling effect. Belonging as I do to the old-fashioned school which maintains that no German is to be trusted with a penknife, I suspect that the book may be carrying that familiar we-was-robbed message, which used to pop up in novels during the Weimar republic.

*A Canticle For Leibowitz* is a rather fascinating allegorical fantasy, a piece of satirical science fiction set in the new Dark Ages which follow the Atomic Deluge and the Age of Simplification. The setting is a desert community of monks which has been founded by St Leibowitz to preserve remaining fragments of technology. The mixture of past and future genres, of Thebaiad and scific, is not altogether consistent and I get a bit irritated when Brother Francis spends fifteen years copying and illuminating the blueprint of an electronic circuit, although the author, who is himself an engineer, has a strong flair for technical detail. There is a quite powerful if not particularly original imagination at work here. The post-apocalyptic scenery is well done and the level of theological disputation high. By the end of the book the current is working and we are all set for another technical cycle ending in a repeat disaster.

Nevil Shute's engineer's and man-of-action's affinity with Kipling comes out strongly in his posthumously published *Trustee from the Toolroom.* This is a pleasing, very readable didactic adventure story about a little suburban model engineer making his way on no money to the South Seas to tidy up his ship-wrecked sister-in-law's grave and rescue his niece's hidden legacy. The practical details, whether of flying, model engineering, or chartless navigation with a strange natural from Oregon, is extremely well done. Shute had a gift of seemingly effortless narrative invention. His characters are quite lively, too, although towards the end he conjures up a pair of rosy-cheeked, benevolent old model-mad Californian tycoons who take a bit of getting down.

*The Teachers* is a blackboard jungle novel, quite a vivid one; a day or so in the life of the usual overcrowded primary school with huge classes of tough urchins. It opens with the discovery of an atrociously fouled-up classroom; I never did make out who had done it. Interest is focused on the staff with a clash between the younger element, especially Steve Moriarty, a bit of a young angry who is having an affair with a girl teacher, and the deputy-head, Mrs Southcott, a crypto-cane-fetichist. There is some excellent dialogue, with human sympathy all round for anyone who is not cruel; the treatment is very impressionistic, almost pointilliste; it makes the little Calibans and their despairing mentors seem rather elusive at times.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

# Week-end Competition

**No. 1,572** **Set by Stephen Gill**

William Shakespeare, William Blake
We are marching for your sake

chanted a well known Royal Court playwright on the 1959 Aldermaston march. Competitors are invited to compose a comment on this statement by Shakespeare or by Blake. Limit 16 lines. Entries by 19 April.

**Result of No. 1,569** **Set by Diomed**

Competitors are invited to celebrate in verse the impending opening of the flat-racing season. Limit 16 lines.

Duckworth Books

G. W. TARGET

The Teachers

A day in the life of an ordinary South London primary school. In the morning a popular master's classroom is found to have been mysteriously wrecked during the night. On top of their routine work the staff investigate the mystery, and learn a lot about themselves in the process.

WILLIAM GOLDING writes in the *Book Society News:* "This is not altogether a pleasant book but it is a compelling one, and I believe in this school—can see, touch and smell it."

"The amount of detail included is truly astonishing, and the author writes with a rare insight into the minutiae of school life . . . it will make the reader think deeply." *Teachers World.*

266 pages, 16/-

3 Henrietta St London WC2

**Report**

R. A. McKenzie drew attention to the season's paradox.

The Flat? O English fools, be rational!
The start of the Flat means what? *The National!*

But T.O.M. was speaking for many with his –

It's been a long, hard winter, chum.
The pools were lousy, Ernie dumb,
And rheumatism hit my old mum.
But blow your nose for the Flat.

The moral note was struck most firmly by C. L. Lyall:

One little flutter doesn't matter;
Two little flutters may;
But three little flutters
Can put the bread and butter
Right out of baby's way –

but that didn't stop him slipping us a helpful tip for the Lincoln which won't be passed on.

The prizewinners, who displayed an agreeable variety of tone and metrical form, are R. Kennard Davis – first, with two guineas; Stanley J. Sharpless and Francis Drake (a guinea-and-a-half each); Terence R. Garrett (one guinea). Special mention to Jeremiah Sowerby for his second verse –

In the attic
Stacks of winter-hoarded notes
Rustle expectantly
Scenting the open course
The chummy chaos of the bookie's bag.

Others commended are A. M. Robertson, Gerald Priestland, H. A. C. Evans, M.H.

ON THE OPENING OF THE FLAT-RACING SEASON

*(from the Chinese)*

In the Dragon month the plum trees will be in blossom,
And the horses, no longer compelled to leap canals,
Will run uninterruptedly over the smooth grass.
Some horses run more swiftly than others,
And they who, by the help of the stars,
Foretell which animal will first arrive at the goal
Will fill their sleeves with strings of cash.
But you and I, O Yung Ping,
Regardless of astrology,
Will drink bowls of wine under my willow,
Practising calligraphy by moonlight.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Old men in reading-rooms wake from their naps,
Run shaky, fag-stained fingers down the list
Of runners, mutter, study handicaps,
And daily find fresh reasons to exist.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

When hares go mad in the pregnant spring,
And an ounce of dust will redeem a king,
Then leave the old familiar places
And off to Lincoln to see the races.
A thud of hooves as the pulse-beat quickens,
(The only thud that never sickens)
And round the bend and down the straight
Comes life, intense and passionate:
Life that never yet enjoyed
Plays by Strindberg out of Freud,
But Life that claims its pedigree
By Thrill out of Cupidity.
So back your fancies, bet your shirts,
Strain your larynx till it hurts,
And hail the feast of the extroverts!

FRANCIS DRAKE

White wisps of broken tape
Snarl round the stallion's
Fiery head.
And the darkened sun peers,
Murky through the mad March haze
As man sees not the odds against tomorrow –
Only the 'Odds against' – today.

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MORTGAGE APPLICATIONS INVITED

# City Lights

**What the Pigeon Dropped**

The disappointed fury of his Rotarian buccaneers is the best comment on Mr Amory's budget. It is non-committal economically; taxation goes up fractionally, with a rough balance between a few small concessions to hardship and a couple of increases, in tobacco duty and profits tax, both anticipated and in themselves unimportant. By persuading Somerset House to be more realistic about the yield of the revenue, Mr Amory has been able to offset most of the increase in the estimates and to budget for an overall deficit – excluding doctors and railwaymen – almost exactly the size of that just realised. The half-official hints of the last two months have turned out to be gloomier than the event, and the gloom of the buccaneers is the harder to understand. They are disappointed apparently, not noticing a substantial concession on death duties, that there is no rounding-off cut in income tax, no abolition of Schedule A, nothing for surtax-payers but a small increase in the maximum holding of Savings Certificates. They are indignant apparently – despite the steep rise in dividends and the official refusal of industry to cut prices – that there should be the mildest expected increase in profits tax. Why?

Simple-mindedness, largely; germinating slowly into consciousness through Central Office slogans, they have come up to the great day, the first Budget since an election which demonstrated the sense of the British people and gave power to the party for the foreseeable future: they expected a blaze of sunshine, and they found a drizzle. The bosses may have won a well-timed election on a freak phase in which gay consumption produced high profit margins and in which stable prices managed to cohabit with freedom from controls; they have still to reckon with a simple-minded rank-and-file which believes that these fruits of Conservative Freedom are as solid and as permanent and as sure to appreciate steadily in value as an owner-occupied villa in Surrey. When even those who should know better are reluctant to admit that things have changed, who can blame the dumb enthusiasts for their baffled fury?

They were disappointed at the absence of proper tax cuts, they were indignant at the increase in profits tax, but what really infuriated them was the space which Mr Amory devoted in his jejune budget to the prevention of tax avoidance: directors' compensation, amateur farming, dividend-stripping and bond-washing, all these established and elegant amusements are at last to go. The man's language was almost as crude as his proposals: 'the position is being exploited by some tax-payers' 'what is ostensibly a payment in compensation for loss of office is sometimes used merely as a cloak for additional remuneration' . . . 'companies would make an unjustified and wholly unexpected profit at the public expense' . . . 'fresh devices involving the manipulation of stocks and shares with the object of depriving the Revenue of its proper tax have come to light recently' 'experience of the development of these objectionable activities drives me to the conclusion that any provision which is limited in its application is carefully studied in order to find a new way of cheating the Inland Revenue' . . and so on.

The suggestion that blanket powers should be given to the Revenue on one matter, and

retrospective action taken on another, will provide the excuse for several woolly and warm speeches on the Finance Bill. By that time, no doubt, those immediately affected by Mr Amory's proposals will have been tempted out of their professional reticence by the instinctive, loyal reaction of backbenchers.

★ ★ ★

The City, more sophisticated than the buccaneers, found the Budget proposals surprisingly mild, but its relief – provincial investors had pushed up share prices on Friday afternoon and all through Monday – was mixed with doubts: a fillip to National Savings was all very well, but the stern tone of the *Economic Survey* and the Budget speech seemed to imply something more than a standstill budget. The worst for the City might be still to come. It found its reason for gloom at last in the statement that 'I think it likely that the time may soon arrive when it would be right that we should take other steps to restrain further expansion of private credit; and we stand ready to do so'. Credit hits the City first, and the very vagueness of the threat added to its effect at a time when a rush of new issues seemed imminent. What did it mean? First steps, the Chancellor said, had already been taken by the increase in Bank rate and through open market operations; the second step will presumably be something different. HP restrictions? Possibly, particularly since the Budget left the motor industry unmolested, but the growth in HP debt was expected to slacken of its own accord in any case. What is there left to frighten the City but Grandma's own special gimmick, the special deposit, quite unknown and therefore quite terrifying?

The odds still are, however, that it will have to face nothing more unusual than the familiarly unpleasant squeeze on bank advances: 'It is very hard to envisage *a priori*', a Treasury spokesman told the Radcliffe Committee, 'what would happen if the whole system of requests, which is built into our system now, was done away with'; and evidence given to Radcliffe suggests that Grandma dislikes all gimmicks and prefers special deposits to the rest only for uncertain ideological reasons, while the banks, equally disliking all gimmicks, have only vague and self-contradictory reasons for preferring this. But the significant evidence is the memorandum submitted by Grandma on new techniques of control and the counter-memorandum submitted by the Treasury. Both are circumspect, but there is a strong smell of a Treasury/Central Bank squabble over duties and rights of the kind which is seldom aired in this country; the Treasury, taking umbrage at the tone of Grandma's paper, seems to suggest that any new system would raise the question of the proper apportionment of power between herself and Grandma, a question which was blurred over by the nationalisers – though everyone politely agrees that there are never difficulties in practice – and which seems to have worried Radcliffe.

This is certainly the last question which Grandma wants to drag up; special deposits, for all Mr Amory's warning, will be a last resort and the directive, transmuted now into a strong hint, is being given another chance. But will the bluff work? The banks are gorged, certainly, and the older boys may be ready to lay off the cream buns, but competition is competition and only suckers volunteer. The new boys, the Franks's and the Moncktons, have given fresh heart to those who dislike pretending to be mesmerised by a lifted eyebrow – to the general manager of the Midland, for example, who told Radcliffe that Grandma has 'this engrained resistance to change which makes me after many years almost despair of ever having a monetary system which is really abreast of the demands to be made upon it'. Mr Amory apparently means to lean quite heavily on monetary policy in the months ahead; it will be fun to see how the City bears up.

TAURUS

# The Chess Board

## No. 543. 'Readers' Own' Again

And about time too for since our last "R.O." week some interesting contributions have come in from all sorts of places; even from Belgrade whence Milonka Lazarevic sent me this game which (Black against another International Woman Master) she won in her own country a few months before her recent success in one of the Hastings tournaments.

(1) P-Q4, P-QB4; (2) P-Q5, Kt-KB3; (3) P-QB4, P-K3; (4) Kt-QB3, PxP; (5) PxP, P-Q3; (6) Kt-B3, P-KKt3; (7) Kt-Q2, P-QR3; (8) P-QR4, QKt-Q2; (9) P-KKt3, B-Kt2; (10) Kt-B4, Kt-Kt3; (11) Kt-R3, B-Q2; (12) B-B4, KtxQP; (13) KtxKt, KtxKt; (14) QxKt, B-QB3; (15) Q-Q2, BxR. (16) P-B3, O-O; (17) O-O-O, Q-Kt3; (18) B-R3, BxBP; (19) PxB, P-Q4; (20) Q-QB2, KR-K1; (21) B-B1, P-B5; (22) B-Q2, Q-B4; (23) Kt-Kt1, P-QKt4; (24) P-QKt4, Q-R2; (25) P-R5, P-Q5; (26) B-B4, P-Q6; (27) Q-Q2, Q-Q5; (28) Q-QR2, R-K3; (29) P-R4, R(1)×K1; (30) B-Q2, Q-B7; (31) Q-R3, B-Q5; (32) Kt-B3, B-K6; (33) Q-Kt2, BxB; (34) QxB, QxBP; (35) B-R3, R-K4; (36) Q-KKt2, Q-K6 ch; (37) K—Kt2, Q-Q5; (38) R-Q2, R-K7; (39) Resigns.

Now here's an incisive little game won by D. J. McCue of the Royal Aircraft Establishment Chess Club in their recent match against the Harwell team.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-KKt3; (3) P-Q4, PxP; (4) KtxP, B-Kt2; (5) B-QB4, QKt-B3; (6) KtxKt, KtPxKt; (7) O-O P-K3; (8) Kt-B3 P-Q4; (9) PxP, BPxP; (10) KtxP!, PxKt; (11) BxP, B-K3; (12) B B6 ch. B-Q2 (13) R-K1 ch, Kt-K2; (14) BxR QxB; (15) B-Kt5, B-K3; (16) Q-Q6, Q-Q1; (17) Q-R3, Q-B2; (18) QR-Q1, P-KR3; (19) Q-R4 ch, Q-B3; (20) R-Q8 ch!, KxR; (21) QxQ, PxB; (22) R-Q1 ch, resigns.

Telling a story against himself, T. A. A. Robertson sent me a bell-for-leather sort of game, won by his opponent, M. Gowler, at the Lensbury Chess Club.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) B-B4, Kt-KB3; (3) Kt-KB3 [Inviting . . . KtxP so as to counter it by Kt-B3, but Black dodges that rather tricky gambit, even though it's not exactly sound]. Kt-B3; (4) Kt-Kt5. B-B4 [That one, of course, is somewhat dubious too]. (5) P-Q4, KtxP; (6) KtxBP, Q-K2; (7) KtxR P-Q4; (8) BxP, B-KKt5; (9) P-KB3, KtxKBP [. . . BxP is probably less objectionable]; (10) PxKt, KtxB; (11) P-KR4!, Q-B3; (12) QxKt B-B7 ch; (13) K-B1!, B-K3; (14) B-Kt5!, and Black soon resigned.

Finally, here's a 'skittle' won by Bruce Hayden against an International Master who had better be unnamed; which seems fair enough when considering that the master was tired after a gruelling tournament game whilst Hayden, a mere *kibitzer* at that Congress, had nothing to worry about.

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, P-Q3; (3) P-QKt4, PxP; (4) P-Q4, P-Q4 (5) PxP, Kt-KB3!; (6) P-B4, PxP e.p.; (7) KtxP, KtxP; (8) Q-B2, KtxKt; (9) QxKt, Kt-B3; (10) B-QKt5, B-Q2; (11) O-O P-K3; (12) P-Q5!, PxP?; (13) R-K1 ch B-K2; (14) QxP R-KB1; (15) B-R3, B-K3; (16) QR-B1!, BxB?.

A blunder; and how White punished it and forced resignation in three moves might as well save me a diagram and serve as **A**, the 4-pointer for beginners.

For 6 ladder-points **B**, a draw, is a neat little study, and in composing it, so the author tells me, he was inspired by the 'comedy of errors' published in this column on 9 January. **C** (7 points) is a win, a very famous and brilliant piece, and the only one, this week, that isn't 'home-made'. Usual prizes. Entries by 18 April.

**B: David Hooper,** 1960: /8/6p1/5pPp/5P1P/8/1k7/8/1K7/.

**C: Fred Lazard,** 1928: /5kB1/3p1P2/7K/2Pp1P1P/p6p/4P3/7P/8/.

### Report on No. 540 set 19 March

A: (3) RxR!, BxB; (4) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (5) QxB!, QxQ; (6) KtxP ch.

B: (1) B-Kt8!, RxB; (2) K-B7!, RxQ; (3) PxR, P—Q; (4) P-Kt7 ch etc.

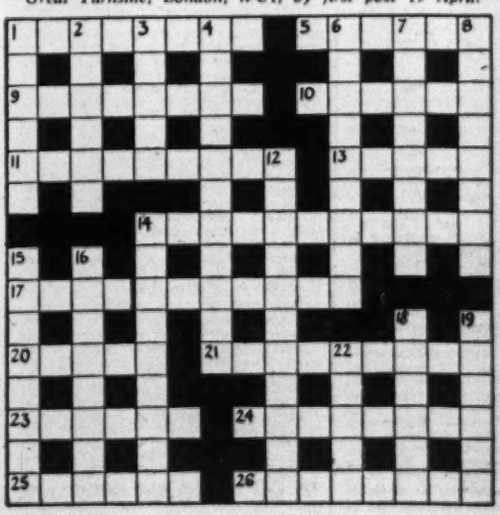
C: (1) P-B4 ch, K-Q4 (best); (2) P-B5!, BxP; (3) Kt-B4 ch, K-K4; (4) R-Q1, P-B3 (forced); (5) R-Q5 ch!, PxR; (6) Kt-Q3 ch, PxKt; (7) P-B4 mate.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: R. C. Chaturvedi, J. P. Ford, H. Garfath, A. B. Jordan, W. A. Parkin-Moore, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword 400

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 400, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 19 April.*



### ACROSS

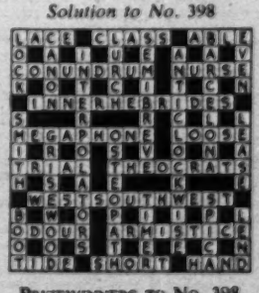
1. Press treatment makes a fellow go off the deep end (8).
5. Ancient city with youth at heart (6).
9. The bird puts the emphasis before gold (8).
10. She shows how the refined person goes into the grammar school (6).
11. Of primitive life transformed in tropic zoo (9).
13. African child in his mother's embrace (5).
14. A note in a pub and test a fellow as a soldier (11).
17. Their programmes are invariably recorded (4, 7).
20. After six these vessels will do for telly addicts (5).
21. Gloomy week-end if the muses were to leave for the day (9).
23. Involve having irregulars in the back rank (6).
24. Malicious gossip when a boy is backward in studies (8).
25. It returned and passed away in good order (6).
26. Turned up and took notice (8).

### DOWN

1. Holds tight quietly among the quiet ones (6).
2. He makes a conquest of a girl caught on a mountain (6).
3. Composition in favour on dozens of records (5).
4. Mediation for satisfactory business premises (4, 7).
6. The college awards merit points for signs of quality (9).
7. Tie up in the county for accommodation (8).
8. Supports us with gratitude in our wickedness (8).
12. State to join before I run away (11).
14. 'Let us endure an hour and see —— done' (Housman) (9).
15. Follower who discovers a woman in a little depression (8).
16. Declared the star seed out of order (8).
18. Strip for one born in a part of Africa (6).
19. Tantalised with half a drink (6)
22. Topped fruit for the cooker (5).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 398*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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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Labour Officers (between 30 and 45) required to explain to workers (predominantly African) and employees of all races the provisions of the labour legislation of Nyasaland and to advise and help employers and workers as to the best means of jointly settling their differences. Experience of industrial relations, either as personnel officer or as Welfare Officer in an industrial concern and Diploma or degree in Social Science or Public Administration or experience of Factory Welfare or qualifications as an Institute leader in Training Within Industry or some knowledge or experience of wages inspection procedure and practice desirable. Post permanent and pensionable. Salary at appropriate point in scale £950 to £1,960. Outfit allowance. Where available, quarters provided at low rental. Free passages. Generous home leave. Tour of service 36 months. Low income tax. Further particulars and application form obtainable from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 132/4/01/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

### GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN RHODESIA

Cadet Labour Officers required for maintenance of good relations between workmen and employers, for inspection of working places and for enforcement of labour legislation. Candidates must be under 34 and possess university degree or equivalent (e.g. AMI Mech.E) or experience in industrial relations essential qualification. Posts permanent and pensionable. Salary in scale £950 to £1,950 (plus special interim allowance of 5% of basic salary). Government quarters available at low rental. Free passages. Outfit allowance. Generous home leave. Tour of service 36 months. Free medical attendance. Low income tax. Further particulars and application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1, quoting BCD 132/3/01/A4. Candidates should state their full names when applying.

### WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL SWINTON DAY TRAINING COLLEGE

Applications are invited for the posts of Lecturers in the following subjects: ENGLISH, EDUCATION, MATHEMATICS, ART & CRAFTS. Some of these posts will carry the rank of Principal Lecturer (Salary: £1,600 × £50 – £1,800 for men; £1,500 × £50 – £1,700 for women plus equal pay increments). Senior Lecturer (Salary: £1,370 × £35 – £1,600 for men; £1,270 × £35 – £1,500 for women with equal pay increments) and Lecturer (Salary: £980 × £32 10s. – £1,370 for men; £930 × £32 10s. – £1,270 for women with equal pay increments).

Applicants should indicate whether they wish to be considered for a Principal Lectureship, Senior Lectureship or a Lectureship or whether they wish to limit their application to any particular grade.

It is hoped that this temporary Day Training College, which will be housed in good, new school buildings, and is within easy travelling distance of Doncaster, Mexborough, Barnsley, Rotherham and Sheffield, will be opened to receive its first intake of students in January 1961.

Candidates should have had successful experience in school or College and the posts should offer good experience for those wishing to enter Training College work.

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield.

### LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL BALHAM AND TOOTING COLLEGE OF COMMERCE TOOTING BROADWAY, SW17

**As soon as possible; Lecturer in Trade and International Economics; should hold University or professional qualifications, preferably with related industrial and educational experience. College provides full and part-time day and evening courses for professional, University entrance and similar examinations, also courses in business, trade and admin. studies. Consultancy, research, and work on publications by staff, encouraged. Salary scale £1,370 × £35 to £1,550 plus London allowance £38 or £51. Possible entry above minimum if justified by experience and present position. Application forms from Secretary at College to be returned by 20 April. (698).**

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

### MINISTRY OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GOVERNMENT

### DIRECTING GRADE ARCHITECT

There is a vacancy for a Directing Grade Architect who on appointment will be responsible to the Chief Architect for the organisation and supervision of the professional side of a newly created Development Group. The work of this Group, which will form part of the Ministry's architectural advisory service, will include research into the design, construction and costs of housing and of other types of local government buildings. It will be concerned in the preparation of advisory bulletins and studies as well as the carrying out of selected development projects in the housing field. The post carries a salary (men, London) of £3,000 per annum.

Candidates must be registered architects and hold professional qualifications in architecture. They should have had wide building and contract experience, including experience of new constructional techniques, combined with design ability of a high order.

Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley Street, London, W1 (quoting S/5124/60/13) and should be returned to him by 26 April 1960.

### CITY OF BIRMINGHAM

### AREA CHILD CARE OFFICERS

The Children's Committee proposes to reorganise the child care (field work), and for this purpose the city will be divided into four areas, each to be staffed by an area child care officer assisted by senior and other child care officers and an appropriate clerical staff.

Applications are now invited from experienced men and women for the post of AREA CHILD CARE OFFICER (Grade APT IV). Applicants should possess a degree, social science diploma and/or the Home Office Child Care Officer's Certificate, and should have had at least five years' experience in this type of work. Administrative ability also is essential. The officers appointed will not carry a caseload.

Further details obtainable from Children's Officer, 91 Lionel Street, Birmingham, 3. P.O. Box 93.

Closing date for applications 22 April 1960.

### PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Several new appointments of trained and qualified social workers will shortly be made at provincial prisons. Salary as for Probation Service. Enquiries are invited by General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. VICtoria 9717/9

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Physical Welfare Officer (Female). Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. It is desirable that candidates should have knowledge of a wide field of recreational activities both for individuals and for groups, and the ability to teach physical skills to an advanced level. The salary will be £900 per annum, rising by annual increments to £1,100 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. University salaries are at present under review. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee together with actual removal expenses within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 16 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Social Administration. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. Applicants should have training and experience in the Social Science field, preferably Economic History with Sociology or Political Science. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,500 – 90 – £2,100 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A34 p.a.), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 21 May 1960.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. Fellow or Senior Fellow in Law. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Law in the Research School of Social Sciences. The salary range of a Fellowship is from £A1,832 to £2,602 and of a Senior Fellowship from £A2,592 to £3,102; increments for Fellows are from £70 per annum, Senior Fellows £85 per annum. The successful applicant will, in the first place, be appointed at a salary and an incremental limit fixed within those ranges by reference to his standing and experience. Appointment is made for an initial period of five years; thereafter it may be made permanent. The appointee will be required to pursue research projects in his own speciality, to supervise or assist in the supervision of students, and to co-operate with other Departments of the School as appropriate. He will be expected to have a general competence in English law, and to have or acquire a knowledge of Australian law so far as different. He will also be expected to take an interest in the legal history of his special field, and in the theory of law. Some preference may be given to applicants whose special interests lie in Evidence, Procedure, Torts, Conflicts, Public International Law, or some combination of those fields. The person appointed will be entitled to one year's study leave on full pay, plus a contribution towards travel and other expenses in every six years (if a Senior Fellow) or every seven years (if a Fellow). Superannuation on the FSSU pattern will be provided and reasonable removal expenses will be paid. Further details are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 20 May 1960.

UNIVERSITY College of the West Indies. Applications are invited for the post of Director of Extra-Mural Studies which carries status of Professor and a seat on the Senate. The person appointed will be responsible for directing and co-ordinating the extra-mural work of the College in the West Indies, British Guiana and British Honduras. Duties to be assumed by 1 September or as early as possible thereafter. Salary (under review): £2,500 p.a. Child allowance. FSSU. Unfurnished accommodation at rent of 5% basic salary. Passages for up to five persons on appointment, normal termination and study leave (once every three years). Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 10 May 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for post of Secretary to the Principal. Preference will be given to women graduates. First-class shorthand and typing speeds and experience essential. Salary scale (under review): £650 × 25 – £900 p.a., or £800 × 50 – £1,000 p.a. for graduate. Starting point according to qualifications. Passages paid on appointment, annual overseas leave and termination. Part-furnished accommodation. Car & outfit allowances. FSSU. Detailed applications (6 typed copies) naming 3 referees by 31 May 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester Extra-Mural Department. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant (male) in Department of Extra-Mural Studies. The person appointed will be expected to assist in the management and administration of courses in the field of social and economic studies and should have a good honours degree in an appropriate subject (e.g. history, economics, sociology). Previous experience of administrative work is not essential, and applications would be considered from persons intending to graduate this year. Initial salary not less than £700 per annum. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Duties to begin on 1 October 1960 or such earlier date as may be arranged. Applications should be sent not later than 23 April 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the posts of Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy and Assistant Lecturer in Political Philosophy. Candidates for the latter post should have some knowledge of political institutions and an interest in the history of political thought. Duties to commence 1 October 1960. Salary on a scale £700 to £850 per annum, with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 30 April 1960, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE University of Leeds. Brotherton Library. Applications are invited for the post of Deputy Librarian. The salary scale is £1,550 × £75 – £1,900 and the initial salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. A good honours degree and administrative experience in a library are essential. Professional diplomas would be additional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 21 April 1960.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Leeds. Department of Adult Education and Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Fine Art for University Extension courses. Salary on the scale £900 × £50 – £1,350 (efficiency bar) × £75 – £1,650 a year. Applicants should have broad general interests in the field of art (preferably including architecture and the applied arts). Practical training as a painter or sculptor and/or some experience in adult education would be additional advantages. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2, (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 29 April 1960.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in French for tutorial work with freshmen. Salary between £575 and £625 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. FSSU benefits and family allowances. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 23 April 1960 to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. Social Survey Division of Central Office of Information require Women Field Supervisors to carry out Field Training of Interviewers and to supervise Field Work. Applicants must have experience of interviewing on survey enquiries or hold a suitable qualification in the Social Research field and be prepared to travel to any part of the country at short notice. The posts are graded Assistant Information Officer. Salary according to exp. and quals. rising to a max. of £1,062. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (P.E. 279), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4.

SOCIAL Workers for Family Casework. London County Council requires number of case-workers (child welfare officers) to concentrate upon family case work with selected London families in difficulties and needing skilled support and sympathetic guidance to help them solve their own problems. Aims are (i) to prevent break-up of these families and reception of their children into care and (ii) to help them rehabilitate themselves so that children who are in care can return home. Small caseloads; arduous but rewarding work. Wide experience of family case-work and social work with adults and of co-operation with voluntary or statutory bodies necessary. Appropriate professional qualifications desirable. £665 to £965 according to qualifications and experience. Details and application forms (returnable by 25 April) from Children's Officer (E1/NS/731/4), County Hall, SE1.

SENIOR Child Welfare Officer. London County Council requires suitably qualified Senior Child Welfare Officer at an area children's office in Balham. Area for reception purposes consists of boroughs of Battersea and Wandsworth, but children under supervision are placed in establishments outside London and in foster homes in West Surrey, West Sussex and Hampshire. Person selected would be required to direct, supervise and co-ordinate work of five child welfare officers, and subsequently might carry a small personal case-load or be directly responsible for other social work within limited field. Previous experience in work with deprived children and their families, preferably in a supervisory capacity, essential. Possession of Home Office Certificate in child care or other appropriate qualification an advantage. £850-£1,185, commencing according to qualifications and experience. App. forms (returnable by 20 April 1960) from Children's Officer (E1/NS/717/4) County Hall, SE1.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Child Care Officers reqd as Special Family Workers. They will concentrate on work with families, to help children in care to return home and to prevent other children from coming into care. Applicants should be qualified and experienced in family case work. Salary: APT II £765 – 880 plus London Weighting up to £30. Application form (s.a., f'scap env.) from Children's Officer, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1, returnable by 20 April. Prescribed conditions. (Quote C.292 NS).

ADMINISTRATIVE County of Wilts. Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and/or a Social Science Diploma for the post of Child Care Officer in Salisbury. Salary in accordance with APT Grade I (£615-£765), commencing at not less than £670, with additional increment of £30 if Home Office Certificate is held. Application forms with full details from the Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 19 April 1960.

NATIONAL Marriage Guidance Council. Applications are invited for the new appointment of General Assistant (man or woman) in the Council's Education Department, primarily for organising and tutorial duties, some travelling. Starting salary £800/950, according to qualifications and/or experience in education or social science. Children's allowance and superannuation scheme. Application form and details from the Education Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke St., Ldn, W1.

GERMAN translator wanted for occas. work with news-film agency. Typing and some experience essential. Box 3631.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Oxford. Applications are invited for the post of Extra Mural Staff Tutor to be resident in Kent. Applicants are expected to have good honours degree in English literature and experience of adult education. Salary £750 – £1,650; starting salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Particulars and application form from Secretary, Delegacy for Extra Mural Studies, Rowley House, Wellington Square, Oxford. Closing date 21 April.

FIRST Cheshire Home in Scotland. Mayfield House, Edinburgh. To be opened in early Summer 1960. The position is advertised of Lady Superintendent of a Home for young, disabled people, to take full charge of administration. Applications stating age, training, experience and salary desired together with the names of three referees should be sent to Miss Beryl P. Moody, 115 Hanover Street, Edinburgh.

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the further extension of its pioneer work in London and several provincial cities. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £950 p.a. for senior workers. Children's allowances. Pension scheme. Training provided. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

DOBROYD Castle School. Applications are invited for the following posts (joint applications will be considered) at this Home Office Approved School for 72 Senior Boys aged between 15 and 19 years. (1) Housemaster. It is essential that the man appointed should have a real concern for the training of immature and unstable young men often presenting acute behaviour problems. Attitude, energy and experience are more important than qualifications, but the appointment of an applicant not possessing a Social Studies Diploma or its equivalent, would be dependent on Home Office approval. Salary between £575 and £845 per annum according to age and qualifications. (2) Assistant Matron. Similar previous experience is desirable but not essential. The person appointed will be required to assist the Matron generally in matters of catering, clothing, medical attention and household maintenance. The post is pensionable, and the salary scale is £420 by £20 to £520 with appropriate repayment for board, lodging and laundry. A modern house would be available if a joint appointment is made. Applications (no forms) with names of three referees, to the Headmaster, Dobroyd Castle School, Todmorden, Lancashire.

BRAIN-WAVES. A young woman is needed as EEG Recordist by world-famous hospital. Working with patients and students of all nationalities, requires good personality and educational standard. Interest in allied subjects (laboratory or hospital) preferred. Salary during training, and after according to Whitley Council Scales. Apply in writing to The Secretary, The National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1.

INTERNATIONAL Social Service – Wtd, a professional Social Caseworker with field experience to work in London. Challenging job in expanding agency. Commencing salary £650-£700 according to experience (Scale £550-£850). Superannuation scheme. Apply, Director, ISS, 70 Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

THE West Central Club urgently reqs a Jewish lady (full- or part-time) to act as Club Leader. Training would be given if necessary. Enqs as to sal., hrs, etc., to: Miss Levy, 23 Hand Court, WC1. HOL 9535.

EXPERIENCED Person (aged between 25 and 40) required for pioneer work with under-fives in Adventure Playground at Notting Hill, London. Non-residential post. Apply Nurseries Secretary, Save the Children Fund, 12 Upper Belgrave St, SW1.

ASSISTANT Matron, experienced in nursing/and or housekeeping, reqd for Jewish Old Age Home in London suburb. Excellent remun. & accom. Box 3565.

COPY Group Head. This is a very senior position and the man whom we seek will know the qualifications required. All letters will be treated in confidence and should be addressed to the Creative Director, Rumble, Crowther & Nicholas Ltd, 184 Strand, London, WC2, marked 'Private & Confidential'.

A VACANCY has occurred on the office staff of an educational institution in Central London. Position involves some regular evening work during nine months of the year. Passes in five subjects at GCE 'O' level or equivalent required and shorthand and typing an advantage. Permanent pensionable position, salary scale to £760 maximum. Apply by 23 April to Box 3612.

CRIMINOLOGICAL research in Home Counties requires exptd interviewer (man 25-40) prepared to work irregular hours. Starting salary £650-750 acc. to qualifications. Write stating experience to Box 3691.

EXP teacher int. in mod. technique of teaching Germ./French/Eng. (Crafts, movement, drama or P.E. asset) Box 3494.

SECRETARY – Part-time. Salary £230-300 according duties undertaken. Apply Society for Education through Art, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1.

PERSONAL secretary required by partner of well-known contemporary architects' office in West End. Pleasant atmosphere, interesting work, 5 day week. Write with details, Box 3373.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BRITISH Council requires Deputy Director for Speech Recording Department, London, with practical experience of speech recording, script writing and producing verse and prose; honours degree (preferably English Literature) essential. Present salary scale £1,150 to £1,330. Superannuation Scheme, with transfer arrangements. Write, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope and quoting C.2.NS(60) to Recruitment Department, 65 Davies Street, W1, for further particulars and application form to be submitted by 25 April.

SECRETARY for director of Fine Art Book Company reqd, mail order business near British Museum. Experienced, educated lady, 25-40, knowledge of French, but Engl. mother tongue. Accuracy essential. No Sats. Handwritten appl. stat. age, exp., sal. reqd. Box 3717.

SECRETARY with high qualifications, good education and elocution, used to composing own letters, wanted for small friendly office nr Finchley Rd and West Hampstead tube stations. Sh/Typing essential. Experience in advertising an advantage. Holiday arrangements honoured. No Sats. Please ring for appt. MAI. 9806 or evenings 0338.

FEMALE Private Secretary required for Balding & Mansell printers in Wisbech. Interesting, well paid post. 5 day week. Applicants must be over 25 years of age, and experienced in shorthand/typing. Applications in writing to Personnel Officer, Park Works, Wisbech. Interviews in Wisbech or London.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist for Organising Secretary of Liberal Jewish Synagogue: interesting work, congenial conditions: 5-day week. Apply: 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (CUN 5181).

SECRETARY reqd by unconventional solicitor. Must be intelligent & good typist. Generous salary & hours by arrangement. Suitable for graduate. GUL. 8434.

FULL/Part-time Secretary required by West End School. Must be capable and efficient, good general education and French shorthand an advantage. Box 3271.

APPLICATIONS invited for secretary in small architects' office, 5 day wk, 10 to 6. Salary £10 to £12. BAY. 6466.

A WIDE choice of interesting posts. Contact Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1. (opp. Dickins & Jones) HYD. 6471.

KNOWLEDGE of Einstein's Theory of Relativity is Not a necessary prelude to Tea, a Chat and a Job with Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1 (Next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MAN (23), capable, adaptable (including some typing) seeks work evenings and weekends West London. Box 3689.

WOMAN, excellent educ. (art, politics, psychology, German, French, typing) seeks work. Box 3217.

CAPABLE Secretary/Assistant, thirty-ish, married, seeks literary post four days wkly; excellent refs. Box 3600.

QUAL. woman buyer of paper, print & office supplies, skls post London. Exp. stores control & machine accntg. Box 3216.

YOUNG man seeks appointment. Social service, organising, welfare work. Local Government experience. Box 3585.

JOURNALIST, exp. pt-time, ghosting, proofs, French, music. R.M.S., 70 Pattison Rd, NW2.

## FELLOWSHIPS & AWARDS

### UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

Applications are invited for a Lloyd-Muirhead FELLOWSHIP in SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY, tenable from 1 October 1960 for two years (and renewable for a third year) at a salary within the range £700-£800 p.a.

Applications (four copies), including the names of two or three academic referees, must reach by 14 May 1960, the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham 3, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

### UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA USA

Under the Foundation of Mr and Mrs J. R. H. Thouron, THREE AWARDS each of an annual value of approximately $3,000 are offered to British candidates, tenable in the University of Pennsylvania from mid-September, 1960. Applications are invited before 6 May from candidates who are qualified to pursue a regular course of study in the University. The awards may be held in any subject either at the undergraduate or at the post-graduate level. The duration of the award will be adjusted to the length of the holder's course.

Further particulars and a Form of Application may be obtained from: The Registrar, The University, Glasgow, W2.

## UNIVERSITY OF BAGHDAD

*Foreign Staff required for Academic Year 1960-1961*

Applications are invited for teaching posts in the subjects mentioned below. Salaries are according to qualifications. For further information and application forms please apply to the Cultural Attaché, Embassy of the Republic of Iraq, 22 Queen's Gate, London, SW7. Applications with copies of recent testimonials and copies of degree certificates, etc., to be sent direct to the Secretary General, University of Baghdad, not later than 15th May, 1960.

*Field of Specialisation / Numbers Required / Qualifications*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| GENERAL CHEMISTRY | 3 | Ph.D |
| ORGANIC CHEMISTRY | 2 | Ph.D |
| BIOCHEMISTRY | 1 | Ph.D |
| PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY | 2 | Ph.D |
| PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMISTRY | 1 | Ph.D |
| INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY | 1 | Ph.D |
| ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY | 3 | Ph.D |
| GENERAL PHYSICS | 5 | Ph.D or M.Sc |
| THEORETICAL PHYSICS | 2 | Ph.D |
| GEOMORPHOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D |
| GEOPHYSICS | 3 | Ph.D |
| ELECTRICITY & ELECTRONICS | 2 | Ph.D |
| GENERAL MATHEMATICS | 6 | Ph.D |
| APPLIED MATHEMATICS | 3 | Ph.D |
| STATISTICAL MATHS | 4 | Ph.D |
| HISTORY & TEACHING METHOD OF MATHEMATICS | 1 | Ph.D |
| GENERAL ZOOLOGY | 3 | Ph.D |
| BOTANY | 2 | Ph.D. |
| BIOLOGY | 2 | Ph.D. |
| BACTERIOLOGY & PARASITOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D |
| BACTERIOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| INVERTEBRATA | 1 | Ph.D. |
| COMPARATIVE VERTEBRATA | 1 | Ph.D. |
| PATHOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| VETERINARY PATHOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| VETERINARY BACTERIOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| VETERINARY PARASITOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| VETERINARY SURGERY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| VETERINARY CLINICAL MEDICINE | 1 | Ph.D. |

(The following should have high academic standing in the field of teaching so as to assume the Chair of Professor)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| GENERAL SURGERY | 2 | F.R.C.S. or Ph.D. or Equivalent |
| GYNÆCOLOGY & OBSTETRICS | 1 | M.R.C.O.S. or Ph.D. or Equivalent |
| PEDIATRICS | 1 | Ph.D. or Equivalent |
| EAR-THROAT-NOSE DISEASES | 1 | Ph.D or Equivalent |
| OPHTHALMOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| PHARMACOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D |
| PHARMACOLOGY & TOXICOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D |
| MANUFACTURING PHARMACY<br>With good knowledge of Dispensing Pharmacy | 1 | Ph.D |
| PHARMACY & PHARMACOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D |
| ORAL SURGERY<br>To be Head of Department and responsible for teaching Oral Surgery including Exondontia, Minor Oral Surgery and Maxillo Facial Surgery. | 1 | |
| OPERATIVE DENTISTRY<br>To be Head of Department and to teach Tooth Anatomy, Tooth Carving and Operative Dentistry and Crown and Bridge Work. | 2 | |
| ORAL MEDICINE & ORAL PATHOLOGY<br>To be Head of Department and to teach Oral and Dental Pathology, Periodontology and Oral Medicine | 1 | |
| or ORAL MEDICINE<br>Incl. teaching of Periodontology. | or 1 | |
| ORAL & DENTAL PATHOLOGY<br>Including teaching of Oral and Dental Pathology. | 1 | |
| DENTAL RADIOLOGY<br>To give instructions in the principles of Radiology and Radiography including Radiographic diagnosis. | 1 | |
| DENTAL MATERIALS<br>To work under the Head of Department of Prosthetic Dentistry and to give students teaching in properties and manipulation of Dental Materials. (Not necessarily a Dental Surgeon, but may be a Physicist) | 1 | |
| ORTHODONTICS | 1 | |
| DENTAL TECHNICIAN<br>To work in Orthodontics Department. | 1 | |
| DENTAL LABORATORY TECHNICIAN<br>To work under Head of Department of Oral Pathology, to arrange preparation of pathological material for demonstrations and preparation of slides of pathological material. | 1 | |
| IRRIGATION & DRAINAGE AND FLOOD & IRRIGATION DESIGN | 3 | Ph.D |
| SOIL LABORATORY | 1 | M.Sc. or B.Sc |
| SURVEYING | 3 | Ph.D. or M.Sc |
| MATERIAL TESTING LABORATORY | 1 | M.Sc. or B.Sc |
| POWER ENGINEERING | 2 | Ph.D. |
| ENGINEERING DRAWING | 2 | Ph.D |
| FLUID DYNAMICS & HYDRAULICS | 1 | Ph.D |
| HEAT DYNAMICS & CONDUCTION | 1 | Ph.D |
| MECHANICAL DRAWING | 1 | Ph.D |
| ELECTRONICS | 1 | Ph.D 2 M.Sc. or B.Sc. |
| PETROLEUM ENGINEERING | 2 | Ph.D., 1 M.Sc. or B.Sc |
| ARCHITECTURAL ENGINEERING | 2 | Ph.D., 1 M.Sc. or B.Sc. |
| MECH. ENGINEERING | 3 | Ph.D. |
| ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING (Power) | 3 | Ph.D |
| CIVIL ENGINEERING | 2 | Ph.D |
| CHEMICAL ENGINEERING | 1 | Ph.D. |
| PALEONTOLOGY & MICROPALEONTOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| MECHANICS (Turning & Fitting) | 4 | Diploma |
| BRICKLAYING | 2 | Diploma |
| CARPENTRY | 3 | Diploma |
| TINSMITHING | 1 | Diploma |
| BLACKSMITHING & WELDING | 1 | Diploma |
| GENETICS | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ENTOMOLOGY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ANIMAL HUSBANDRY | 1 | Ph.D. 1 M.Sc., 1 B.Sc. |
| BACTERIOLOGY (Dairy) | 1 | Ph.D |
| FIELD CROPS | 2 | Ph.D., 1 M.Sc., 1 B.Sc. |
| AGRICULTURE MACHINE ENGINEERING | 2 | M.Sc. or B.Sc. |
| HORTICULTURE | 2<br>2 | Ph.D.<br>M.Sc. |
| VEGETABLES | 2<br>1 | Ph.D.<br>M.Sc. |
| SOIL | 1 | Ph.D. |
| FORESTRY | 1<br>2<br>1 | Ph.D.<br>M.Sc.<br>B.Sc. |
| AGRICULTURAL ECONOMICS | 1 | M.Sc |
| SOCIOLOGY | 2 | Ph.D |
| ISLAMIC SHARIA | 3 | Ph.D. |
| FINANCE | 3 | Ph.D. |
| ECONOMICS | 8 | Ph.D. |
| HISTORY OF LAW | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ROMAN LAW | 1 | Ph.D. |
| LABOUR LEGISLATION LAW | 1 | Ph.D. |
| PENAL LAW | 1 | Ph.D. |
| GENERAL INTERNATIONAL LAW | 1 | Ph.D. |
| CIVIL LAW | 2 | Ph.D. |
| CIVIL & COMMERCIAL PROCEDURE & EXECUTION | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ECONOMIC THEORY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| HISTORY OF ECONOMIC THOUGHT | 1 | Ph.D. |
| FINANCIAL ECONOMICS & LEGISLATION | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ECONOMIC PLANNING | 1 | Ph.D. |
| DEMOGRAPHY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION | 2 | Ph.D. |
| COMMERCIAL ENGLISH | 2 | |
| CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS | 3 | |
| DROIT PRIVE | 3 | Ph.D. |
| ARABIC RHETORIC & CRITICISM | 11 | Ph.D. |
| QURAN & TRADITION | 1 | Ph.D. |
| LITERARY CRITICISM (English) | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ECONOMIC GEOGRAPHY | 2 | Ph.D. |
| PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| REGIONAL GEOGRAPHY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ISLAMIC ARTS | 2 | Ph.D. |
| SUMARIAN & AKKADIAN LANGUAGE | 1 | Ph.D. |
| MODERN GOVERNMENTS | 1 | Ph.D. |
| PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION | 2 | Ph.D. |
| ECONOMIC HISTORY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ECONOMIC SYSTEMS & DOCTRINES | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ISLAMIC PHILOSOPHY & MODERN PHILOSOPHY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ANCIENT HISTORY | 1 | Ph.D. |
| ISLAMIC HISTORY | 4 | Ph.D. |
| KURDISH LITERATURE<br>To be recruited from Leningrad or Harvard if possible. | 1 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| KURDISH HISTORY | 1 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| PERSIAN & OLD PEHIEVIAN | 1 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| FRENCH | 3 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| GERMAN<br>To be of German nationality and teaching in the Goethe method. | 3 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| ENGLISH LANGUAGE & LITERATURE | 13 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| RUSSIAN | 3 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| SPANISH | 2 | Ph.D. or M.A. |
| FLOWER MAKING | 1 | Diploma |

## PERSONAL

### ON OUR OWN DOORSTEP

Help the National Council for Civil Liberties combat Racial Discrimination and organised incitement in Britain. Please send a donation. Membership £1. Write to NCCL, 293 New King's Rd, SW6. RENown 2254.

SCHOOLMASTER, yng family, facing breakdown through Financial anxiety. Desp. nds £100 loan. Gd interest. Box 3417.

THERMODYNAMICS, HNC, priv. coaching sought. N. or W. Ldn or City. Box 3610.

A HOME with own room for lover of music, children & animals, ready to share household chores during afternoons. Opportunity for home worker or person with small independent means, to live at low cost. Middle-aged or elderly lady or gentleman preferred, but not essential. Convinced political conservatives, sceptics & atheists, please do not apply. Call 9 p.m. to 10 p.m., Len Williams, director Spanish Guitar Centre, COV. 0754, or write: 25 Lower Camden, Chislehurst, Kent. Tel. IMP. 4292. (27 mins Charing Cross).

DOES anyone know responsible person desiring comf. London home? Modest salary for housekeeping and help with widow's three-yr-old daughter. Box 3591.

FURNISHED holiday accom. reqd, not more than 10 miles coast, 4 adults 4 children, last two weeks August. Box 3618.

EXILE in your own country? Join the Troy Group. Box 3640.

SHARE of fully qualified Tutor & country home offered to boy aged 10-12, for period May to July inclusive. Possibility of similar arrangement for subsequent terms. Cameron, Stanton Broadway, Worcs.

ALDERMASTON March International Contingent. All foreign or Commonwealth citizens who want to march under the banner of their own countries in the International Section contact immediately: Marian Feld, 11 Larkhall Rise, Ldn, SW4.

IMPECUNIOUS but Aesthetic? Please send for catalogue: Margery Dean, Wivenhoe, Essex. Good inexpensive antiques.

BED-sitter & £3 wkly in return night attendance old man or – night attendance old man, £1 nightly. BRIxton 0265.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO 9595), for conversn & tuition.

UNUSUALLY intelligent, mature man with proved literary ability sought to discuss and edit very important book on psychiatry. Box 3635.

WANTED secondhand German linguaphone set. After 7 p.m. RIV. 4316.

TWO car seats available Italy or Switzerland, share expenses, leaving 7 June. Box 3515.

PROVENCE ex London, car-sleeper, early May for 3 weeks; one passenger, £7 either way. Possibly some transport Romanesque churches while there. Box 3552.

PRIVATE individual has capital available for expansion or development of small business in or near London. The business must bear strict accounting scrutiny. Neither fat profits nor full-time employment desired. Replies treated in strictest confidence. Box 3558, or telephone BALham 1682.

WELL known Studio Pottery for sale West Country City. Georgian house available. Box 3413.

EDINBURGH. Coffee house project. Reader seeks partner with modest capital, some relevant experience. Box 3563.

WHEN truth may be buried in prejudice, the Progressive League keeps it alive. Write: (N4), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1.

AN OLD necklace meant 480 hot meals for refugee orphans. How? We could sell it for £5. We can turn almost any saleable article into funds to help the hungry and homeless (including broken jewellery, spectacle frames, etc. containing gold and silver.) Please send to: 'Gift Aid', Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, 17 Broad St, Oxford.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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YAS Mina Orphanage, near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by Treasurer, Rt Hon Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

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## PERSONAL—continued

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YNG man London sks compan. (m) for hol. Arrange by agreement. Box 3345.

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THE National Council of Czechoslovak Women in Exile in London at 38 Norroy Road, SW15, wishes to arrange a two weeks' holiday in August for 10-12 Czech refugee children with two adults in charge on a farm or at the seaside not far from London. Wholesome but not expensive. Advice and suggestions gratefully accepted.

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**LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd from p.540**

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LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166

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FARM Holidays – 1960 Farm Holiday Guide covering Britain's Best Farm & Country Guest Houses, County by County. 1,200 reviews, 250 pictures. 3s. 6d., postage 7d. Farm Guides, 18 High St, Paisley.

DOONEEN Guest House, Letterfrack, Connemara, Ireland, offers homely first-class accommodation. Moderate terms, h. & c. and inner-sprung mattresses. Boating, fishing, motor trips. Fully licensed. Brochure available.

ROTHENEUF (St Malo), Brittany. Kervonn Hotel. From 30s (June 25s.) Mod. comf. Seaviews, Sands. Illus. leaflet.

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SPANISH Holiday Agency (British-owned), 13 Southernhay West, Exeter. Specialists in hand-picked hotel accom. for the independent traveller and motorist.

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## OPERA AND BALLET

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Tel. COVent Garden 1066.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
11, 14 & 16 April at 7.30 Macbeth

THE ROYAL BALLET

| | |
|---|---|
| 12 April at 7.30 | La Fête Etrange, Le Baiser de la Fée (first perf.), Pineapple Poll. |
| 13 April at 7.30 | Danses Concertantes, Giselle. |
| 16 April at 2.15 | La Fête Etrange, Le Baiser de la Fée, Les Rendezvous. |

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672

OPERA SEASON
Evenings 7.30

| | |
|---|---|
| 8 & 13 April | Tosca |
| 9 & 12 April | The Merry Widow |
| 11 April | The Pearl Fishers |
| 14 April | Fidelio |
| 15 April | No perf. |
| 16 April | Cinderella |

OPERA Circle. 'The Nightingale' by Stravinsky, Sun. 24 April at 8 p.m. Intro. by Brian Priestman. Soloists: Marion Studholme, Johanna Peters, Kenneth Bowen, Harold Blackburn. At 4 St James's Sq, SW1. Details: Mrs Rosenfeld, 69 Kensington Court, W8.

## THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8.0. Thur. Sat. 5.0 & 8. The Admiration of Life. Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence' A Variety in the styles of Beckett & Ionesco. 'More imaginative work than one finds on most professional London stages', New Statesman. Last 2 perfs. Fri., Sat., 8.9 Apr. 8 p.m. Adm. free. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1.

IRVING, Leicester Square WHI 8657 Glamour and Girls 4th yr Cont Revue From 2.30 Sun 4 Witty & naughty!

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. S. 5, 8.15. 'The Naming of Murderers' Rock' 'A memorable experience' S. Times.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. Sam, The Highest Jumper of Them All.

TOWER. 7.30. Sun. 7.0. 7, 8, 9 Apr.: Thomas Muschamp's 'Bridge of Sighs' – 1959 C. H. Foyle prizewinner. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Sholem Aleichem's 'The Big Win'. First English prod. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Last 3 perfs. Mems.

## CONCERTS

WORLD Refugee Year Concert. Friends House, this Sunday at 8.15. Works by Purcell, Bach, Shula Doniach. Soloists: Arda Mandikian, William Parsons, Amici Quartet. London Bach Society. Cond.: Paul Steinitz. 20s., 10s., 5s., from Chappell's (MAY. 7600) or Friends Book Centre, Euston Road, NW1.

SUMMER School of Music. (Dir. of Music: William Glock. Sec.: John Amis). Dartington Hall, Devon. 30 July-27 Aug. Artists & Teachers include: Peter Pears, George Malcolm, Bruno Maderna, Severino Gazzelloni, Ana-Raquel Satre, Julian Bream, Luigi Nono, Paul Tortelier, Charles Rosen, Russell Oberlin, Josephine Veasey, John Mitchinson. Beaux Arts Piano Trio, Juilliard String Quartet, Smetana String Quartet, Melos Ensemble, New York Pro Musicz Ensemble (dir. Noah Greenberg). Illustrated prospectus now available, send 3d. stamp to Sec., S.S.o.M., 16 Eccleston Square, SW1.

## ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex Suns) The Immortal Land (U) and Greek Sculpture (U)

## ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 10 Apr.: 'Smiles of a Summer Night' (X). From 11 Apr.: 'The Seventh Seal' (X).

SOVIET Films: 'Carnival Nights' (subtitles), 'Ekaterina Voronina', at Institut Français, Queensberry Place, SW7. Sun. 10 April, 4 p.m. precisely. Pushkin Club, PARk 7696

JOSH White, Islington Town Hall, N1. This Sat. 9 April, 5.30 & 8.15 p.m. Tkts: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. from Collet's, 70 New Oxford St. (MUS. 3224) or tickets at door.

MCF and CAO presents Africa Freedom Day Concert Sunday, 17 April, 2.30 p.m. The Royal Festival Hall (General Manager T. E. Bean CBE) with Paul Robeson, Kathleen Long, Martin Lawrence, Cwmbach South Wales Miners Choir, Alfie Bass, Robin Hall and Jimmie MacGregor, The Tony Kinsey Quartet, The Merrymakers Leeward Island Steel Band. Tickets 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s., 12s. 6d., 15s., 20s from Festival Hall Booking Office, Waterloo, SE1

SHARON Jewish Society, 1st Anniversary Dance. Harry Robins Band. 8 p.m. ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. 7s. 6d. with refreshments. Sunday 10 April.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons Group. Today, Sat., 9 April, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., their guests 5s.

## EXHIBITIONS

RBA Gallery, Suffolk St, Haymarket.
'WORLD WITHOUT WAR'
Daily 10-5, ends Easter Monday 6 p.m. (closed Sundays and Good Friday)
Supported by works of AYRTON, GUTTUSO, HERMAN, PIPER, WEIGHT
and many others (all works for sale)
Admission 1s.

GANYMED Reproductions, new illustrated catalogue, eight colour plates, 2s. post free from: 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. West Coast Hard-Edge 4 abstract classicists from Los Angeles. Until 23 April. Closed from 15-18 April. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Preview for Members: Mattia Moreni Paintings. Tuesday 26 April at 6 p.m.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Paintings by John Nash, RA, and Hammond Steel (1900-1960). Modern Etchings and Lithographs. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Apergis, Sculpture. Perdikidis, Paintings. Papagueorguiu, Drawings. From 11-30 April. Weekdays 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

EPSTEIN Collection of primitive and exotic sculpture Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Till 23 April. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6: Tues., Thurs. 10-8 Admission 1s 6d

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House) New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

HEAL'S Craftsman's Market Exhibition of Handmade Silver Jewellery by Barbara Cartlidge. 7-28 April.

EXHIBITION of Wood Engravings and Colour Prints by the Society of Wood Engravers at Crafts Centre of Gt Britain, 16-17 Hay Hill, London, W1. Until 7 May. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sat. 10-12.30. Adm. free.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. Galicia-lithographs & linocuts. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sickert. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1). Closing 14 April.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Rawlinson: sculpture, Portway, Adamowicz: paintings. Till 14 April 10-6.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ida Kar: Portraits of artists in England, France and Soviet Russia; and other photographs. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admn free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century. Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Sculpture. Hilary Heron. 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Alberto Burri First London Exhibition. Until 29 Apr. Dly 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

KAPLAN Gallery – MacBryde – Paintings. Colquhoun – Drawings – Until 30 April. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St. W1. Francis Bacon - Recent Paintings. 25 March-22 April. Daily 10-5. Sats 10-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Drawings and Watercolours of the XIX and XX Centuries. Until 16 April. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhibition till 13 April. Closed Easter. 2nd Exhibition opens 23 April. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition of Twelve Greek Artists 1960. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 22 April.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New ptgs Julian Trevelyan. Till 28 Apr.

HYDE Park Gallery, 30 Sussex Place, W2. Beaugeard – Paintings. 11-30 April.

NUDES of Jean Straker. Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALDERMASTON 1960
Aldermaston – Good Friday.
Reading – 16 April
Slough – 17 April
Turnham Green – Easter Monday
Final rally in Trafalgar Square on Easter Monday at 2.30 p.m. Make sure you are there if you have not been able to march all the way.

URGENT: We are in the throes of a spectacular publicity drive in central London. Volunteers needed for leafleting. Will you help? Please call at The Partisan, 7 Carlisle Street, W1, any time after 11.00 a.m. daily.

WILL YOU MAKE SURE THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS MAKE THIS THE BIGGEST DEMONSTRATION BRITAIN HAS EVER SEEN? IN THIS WAY WE MIGHT FINALLY GET RID OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
Sun., 10 April – St Pancras Town Hall
Mon. 11-14 – Friends House, Euston Rd
J. B. PRIESTLEY
ISAAC DEUTSCHER
KONNI ZILLIACUS
Delegates from: USSR, Poland, Hungary, East Germany, and Western Countries.
Observers welcome – 5s. adm. for week

LONDON NLR CLUB
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square (Warren Street tube)
Mon. 11 April, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
SOCIALIST DEFENCE POLICY
R. H. S. CROSSMAN, MP.
Members: 1s.; Non-members: 2s. 6d
Note: Easter Monday, Marquee, Oxford St, Aldermaston Party – bar, refreshments, band, entertainments.

THE Forum: Problems of Democracy and Socialism in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Next meeting Friday, 8 April, 7.45 p.m. at Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Hamza Alavi on 'Peasantry and the Social Revolution in India & Pakistan'

ALDERMASTON Easter 1960. This year Local Government Officers will march behind own banner. Come and join us. Tel ENT. 6403 evenings.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CASUALTIES OF THE WELFARE STATE
Speakers: W. G. FISKE, LCC,
K. McDOUGALL,
REG WRIGHT & AUDREY HARVEY
Conway Hall, Wed. 13 April, 7.30 p.m.
Fabian Society & Central London Fabian Society.

'AFRICA and You' East Ham Town Hall, 23 April at 2.30 p.m. – Short films on Africa, a talk by Fenner Brockway, MP, tea, and then the United Nations film of the year, 'Power Among Men'. All this for 2s. 6d., or five tickets for 10s. Apply, LCS Education Secretary, (NS) 13 Soho Square, W1.

WEEKEND Conference on 'Nature Cure in Practice' Margaret Brady, Mary Evans, Michael Fryer, Nina Hosali, Dr Margery Keay, Dr Alan Stoddard, C. Donald Wilson, Dr Frank Wokes. Film 'No Room for Wild Animals' 22-24 April, Southlands College, Wimbledon. Details: Nature Cure Clinic (NS), 13 Oldbury Pl., W1. WEL. 2787

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Doris Lessing: 'Retreat to Innocence', Alex Pirani. 8 p.m., 14 April, Left Book Centre, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

PROGRESSIVE League Psychology Group meets Sunday, 10 April, 7.15, at 14 Windmill Street (downstairs) near Goodge St Sta. – Dr T. Rosen on 'Development of Aggression Towards Maturity'. All welcome, 2s. 6d. – This month's programme free (s.a.e.) from H. E. Lobstein, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

UNITED Nations Association Chelsea Branch, 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1 at 8 p.m. on Monday, 11 April 1960. 'Racial discrimination as a world problem', by Mr J. Shepherd from National Council for Civil Liberties.

POLITICAL Discussion. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, W1. Wed. 13 April, at 8 p.m.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Communications'. John Madge: 'The Social Function of Education', Tues., 12 April, 8.15 p.m. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d. 'Jazz'. The programme advertised for 13 April is cancelled.

SCR Spring Programme: seminar with Soviet lecturers on USSR Government & Planning; Russian classes & talks; film shows. Write for details, enclosing s.a.e., to Secty, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W8.

PSYCHOLOGY: C.O.S.M.I.C. presents 10 introductory lectures entitled 'Practical Psychology & World Philosophy' (3s. single lecture, course 1 guinea) at Conway Hall, WC1, on 12, 22, 26 April. Enrol at any lecture, soon 6.45 for 7 p.m., lasting 2-2½ hours.

SPLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun., 11 a.m. 10 Apr. John Lewis, Ph.D, 'Man Against Death; the Affirmation of Life'. Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 10 April, 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Fallacy of Democracy': A. A. Burall.

'WHAT Causes Reincarnation?' Public lecture, 10 April, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD 0688.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30, Sun. 10 April, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. A. H. Haffenden: 'Graalist Thinking'.

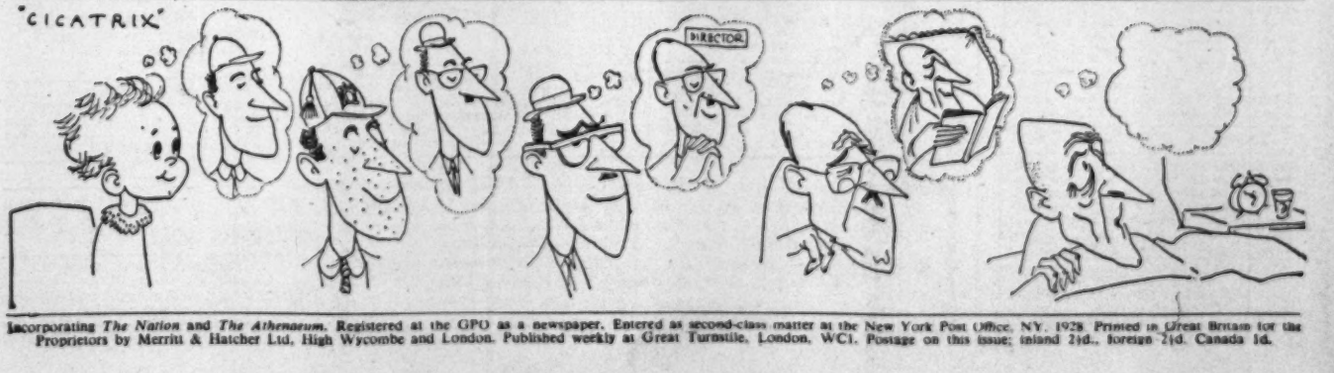
SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10. Vedanta Lectures. Write for details.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DAVIES'S Training course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 25 April to 22 June. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNightsbridge 6833).

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.539

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